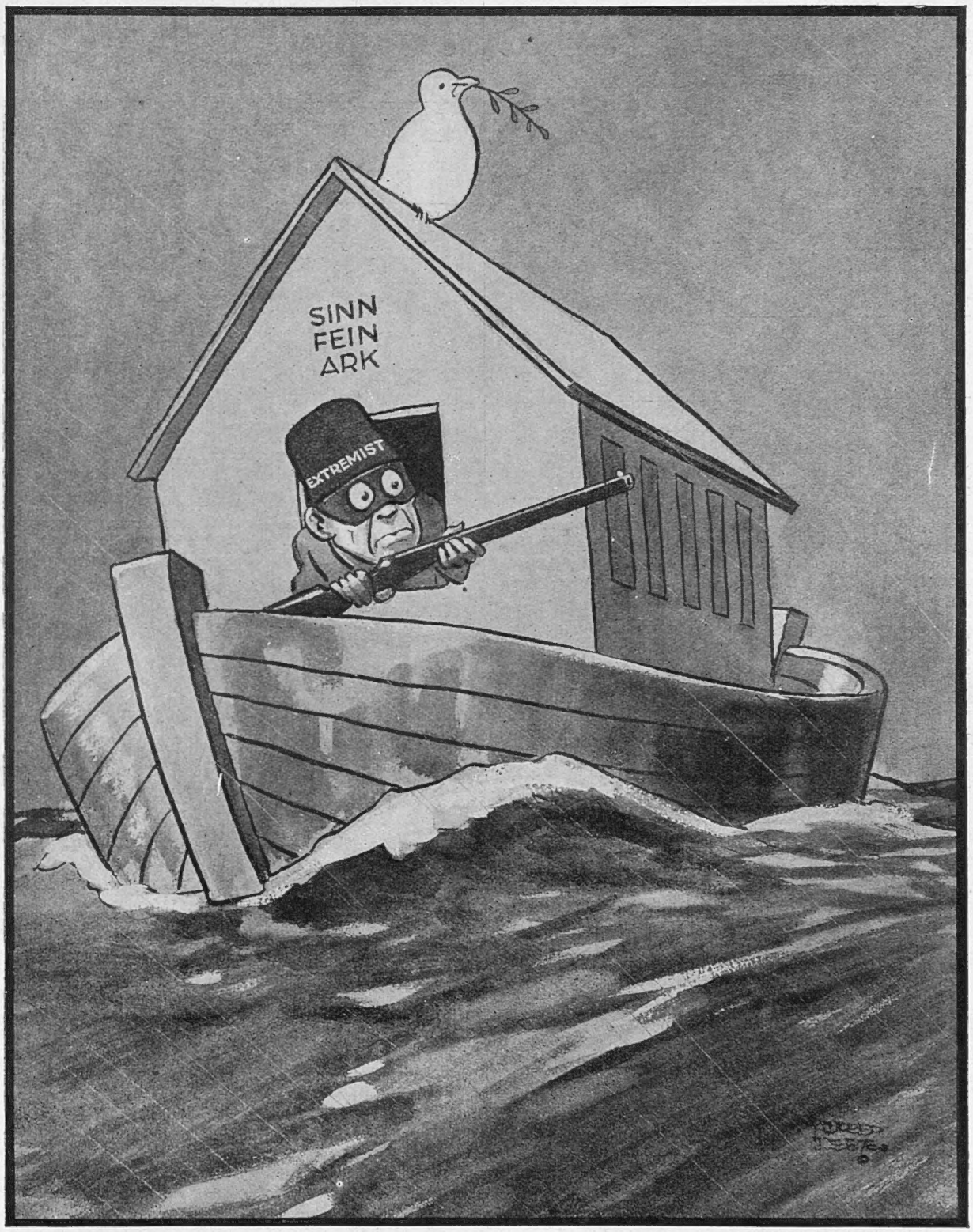
The Bystander, December 15, 1920. No. 889. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER



BY ALFRED LEETE

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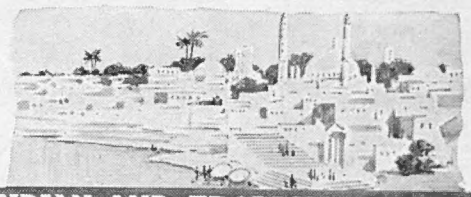

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

American Embassy's Loss

THE American Minister or Ambassador to England has always been one of the most distinguished and brilliant citizens of the United States available for the office—Lowell, Bayard, Choate, Whitelaw Reid, Page, are names that come to one's mind at once. But for thirty-five years a very typical Englishman has been one of the chief pillars in the American Embassy in London. This was Mr. Frank Hodson, whose death was announced some days ago. For many years Mr. Hodson had no definite "style" or description in the Embassy, although he was such an important member of it. At one time, indeed, there was something almost to be called a "movement" against Mr. Hodson, simply and solely because he was an Englishman. But as one Minister or Ambassador followed another, each recognised that Mr. Hodson was indispensable. Eventually, I believe, he was described as "chief clerk." But there was nothing of the "clerk," in the ordinary sense of the word, about Mr. Hodson. He knew how to handle everybody—and probably no Embassy has more difficult callers to treat than that of the U.S.A., whose citizens from the remoter parts often expect to find in their Embassy a "home from home" in almost a literal sense.

A Real Diplomat

WITH such Mr. Hodson was at his best. When they left him they felt for some time that they had really been having a heart-to-heart talk with the Ambassador himself. Mr. Hodson had a pretty wit with more difficult customers. A well-known London correspondent of one of the great New York newspapers called at the American Embassy one day, and, after exchanging greetings with Mr. Hodson, said, "Just tell Mr. —— (the First Secretary) I would like to see him for a few minutes." Hodson knew well that the correspondent, and his newspaper, had a particular "down" on the Ambassador of the moment, and blandly replied, "I know Mr. —— hasn't a minute; he can scarcely sign the papers in front of him in time to catch his train for the week-end. *Would you mind seeing the Ambassador?*"

Starving Clergymen

"THEY are literally starving, some of them." That is a terrible thing to be true, even of unfortunate individuals of the more or less hopeless and helpless sort that are to be found in every country. But how much more terrible it is to be true of a whole class of well-educated men, in full employment, doing their important work all the year round in a sphere which commands the respect of all decent men! It is too truly said by the Vicar of Bedford Park in an appeal on behalf of "poor parsons." There should be no need to elaborate the subject—clergymen "*literally starving!*"

A "Really Nice" Club

WHO are "nice people?" There is to be a club composed of them, its secretary is a Duchess, its committee is composed of "ladies of title," and its members are to be not only "nice," but "really nice." That "really" sounds really important. And it is to be a dancing club, and "the new dances" will be forbidden. Are these "really nice" people going to dance minuets, or go no further back than the polka? I can hardly think that there will be more than two couples in the new club, including the Duchess.

Beauty in the Underground

I DID not take part in the trial trip of the new Piccadilly tube trains in which there is to be no strap-hanging. "Hand-bars," I read, are to take

BY FRED BUCHANAN

HE WON'T BE HAPPY EVEN IF HE GETS IT

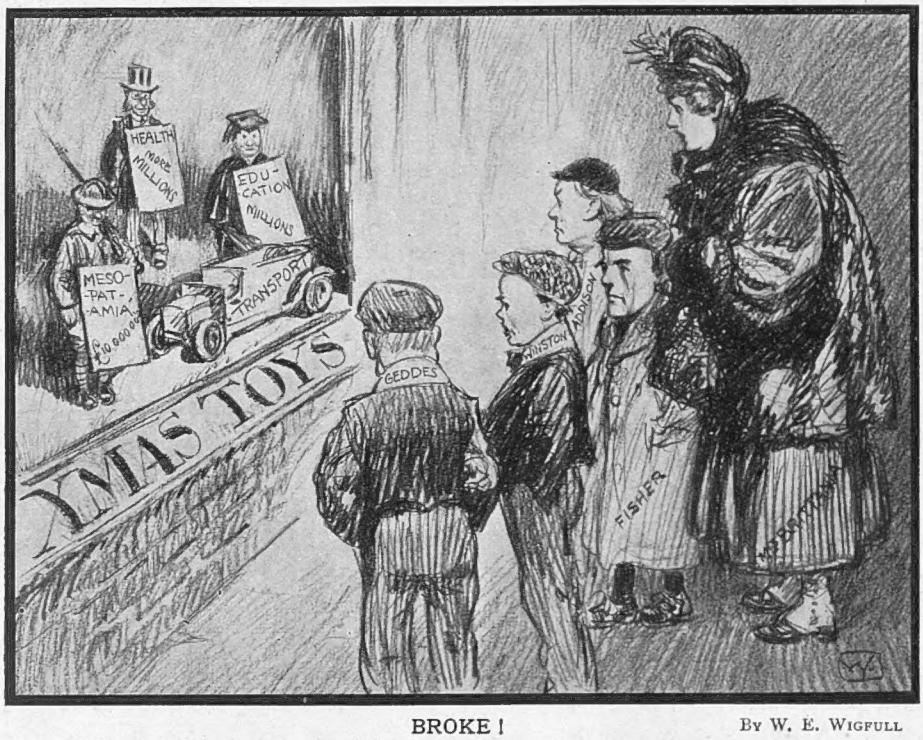
LITTLE ARMENIA: "Oh! nursey dear, I do want that nice big balloon"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

the place of straps. "Do you think," I asked a famous artist, "that a hand-bar will be any better than a strap-hang?" "It doesn't matter a bit," he replied, "the tubes are terrible places to travel in. They are quick and they are cheap, and I don't have to use them in the rush hours, when strap-hanging or hand-bars have to be used; but nearly always when I travel in a tube I see somebody so beautiful, just for about two or three stations, whom I know I shall never see again, that I prefer the more expensive loneliness of a taxi-cab."

Impossible Ireland

Is there any solution of the Irish problem? No one seems to have any faith in the latest Irish Bill, and one man's views seem just as good, or as impossible, as another's. I asked a brilliant Irishman the other day—I must not mention his name—if he thought he could settle it. He frankly acknowledged that he did not think so. "But," he said, "I am Irish and I am a Catholic, and I sympathise with the people, even if they are wrong. A conquered people that has never accepted conquest, never really acquiesced in it, can never go right. It must degenerate. I would make Belfast and the northern counties a 'bridge-head,' cut it right off from the rest of the country, which I would hand over to the Republicans, or whatever they like to call themselves, to run on their own—but there should be a strict understanding that there was to be no anti-British intrigue, or anything of the kind with outside people. Our intelligence folk would know of it at once—and if it happened, England should advance from her bridge-head and 'occupy' the country properly. It has never been done yet." Which, after all, is only completing an imperfect conquest.



BROKE! By W. E. Wigfull

Mrs. Britannia: "No, you've got quite enough toys; I can't afford any more"

Oxford "Undergraduettes"

Quite peaceably and without any obvious upheaval of any kind, the first term in which women have been full members of the University has come to an end at Oxford. One has not heard that the Proctor's labours, or receipts, have been increased. Not yet has the female undergraduate conceived the antipathy for cap and gown, which costs the male undergraduate so many five shilling fines. No girl secured a place in the Rugger XV or the Soccer XI. But the question has been asked whether Mdlle. Lenglen or Miss Leitch should not help to represent the 'Varsity at lawn tennis and golf respectively, if they should take it into their heads to become members of the University. General opinion is against the admission of women to the University clubs. The Union has definitely declared against them. But how long can it hold out if the women wish to join? Where the House of Commons has led the Union will probably have to follow in the end. The Labour Club has admitted them as "associates." On the whole, Oxford, or senior Oxford, claims to be proud of giving the lead in its recognition of women, but I hear of certain grave and important people who are beginning to wonder whether, perhaps, they have not been a little too casual about it.

"Redolent of the Lamp"

Last week's effort on the part of the House of Commons in the Economy Debate reminds one of the old lady who said that "the best way to make ends meet" was "to burn the candle at both ends." Unfortunately, in the process, one tends to consume the candle—a fact which, indeed, makes the parallel almost exact. Far be it from me to discourage our national representatives in their zeal for work. To sit through the night until 6.45 a.m.—even for the most part in the comfortable smoking-rooms of "the best club in the world"—is an occurrence at which none of us should scoff. But is it really worth it? One reads how at 2.45 a.m. some score or so of members were left actually in the House itself, of which two-thirds were peacefully sleeping on their benches. When a Division occurred another two or three score came in—and promptly went out again. But the thing is a travesty of legislation. Few of us are at our best even at nine o'clock breakfast. How can members be expected to take an intelligent interest in important affairs in the small hours? Fortunately, an all-night sitting is not a frequent

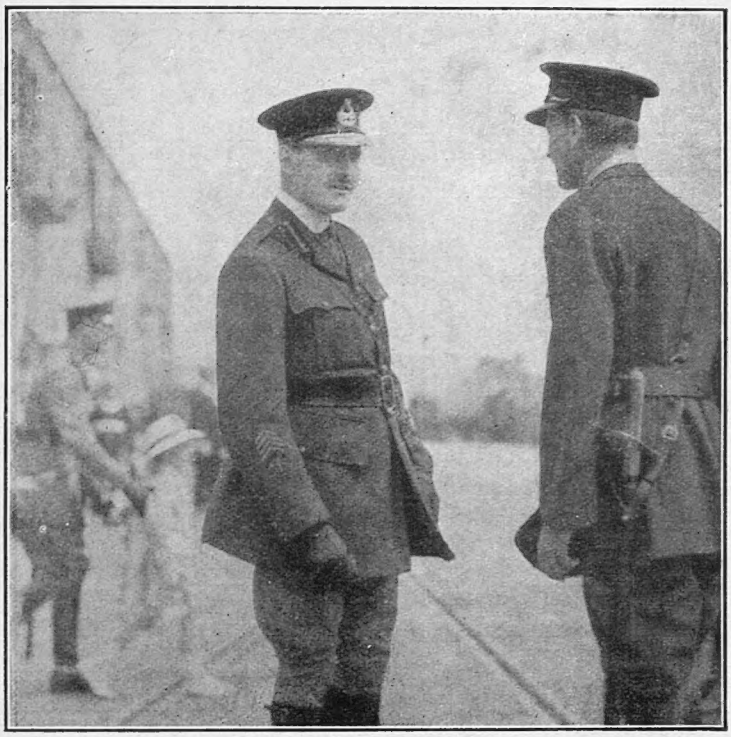
(*Continued on page 798*)

Our Energetic Royalties

Photograph *Topical*

COLOURS FOR GIRL GUIDES

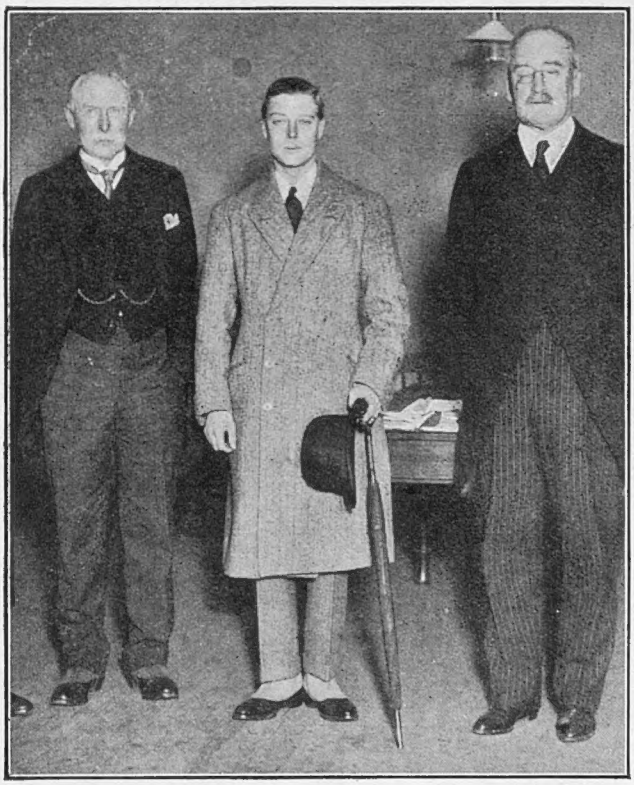
Princess Mary presenting the colours to the 1st Kensington Gore Girl Guides. The ceremony took place at Queen Alexandra's House Physical Training College



Photograph *H. J. Crellin*

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA

The arrival of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught in Cape Town was greeted with much enthusiasm. In the background can be seen their little son and heir, the Earl of Macduff



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

HELP FOR THE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION

There is no greater friend of ex-officers than the Prince of Wales, and he is here seen paying a visit to the Officers' Association, Grosvenor Square

Photograph *G. P. U.*

THE DUKE OF YORK AT DARTFORD

Dartford's War Memorial was unveiled last week to the memory of thirty-two officers and men of the R.A.F. who fell in the War

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

occurrence. But why should it ever happen—especially in the case of a debate of real national importance, which always seems to be the excuse for this sort of ineffectual extravagance?

Geneva

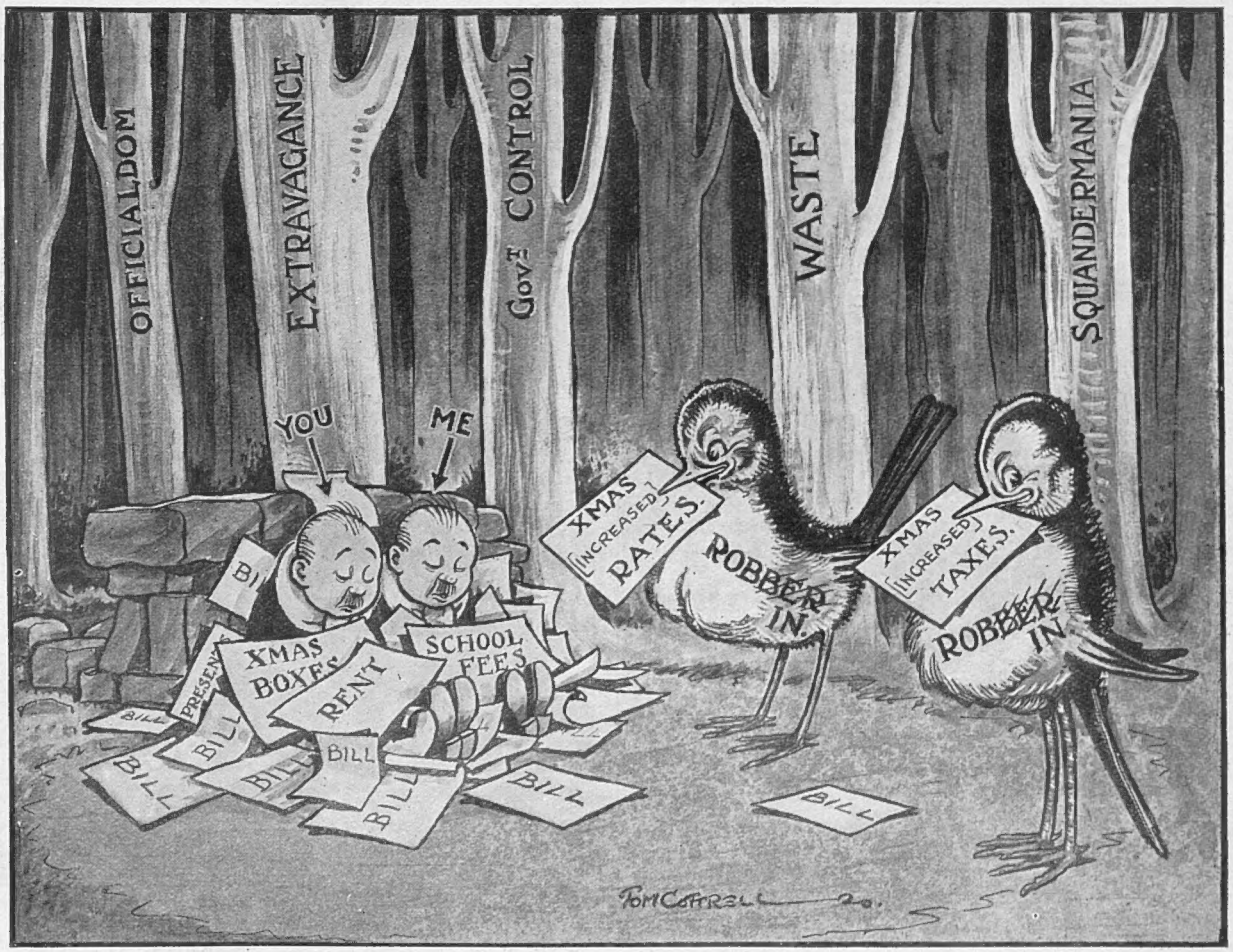
OXONIANS who were up some ten years ago will probably remember the famous *mot* of a famous President of the Union at a certain debate, when he remarked of North Oxford—that district of large and handsome villas where one tea'ed and talked hot, and highbrow, air—that it was reminiscent of the lotus-eaters, a "place where it was always Sunday afternoon." Geneva, these days, I fancy, must be something like that. We are inclined to be a bit lethargic since the War. We love the "cushy" job and it appears there are some going at Geneva. At any rate, the other day the League of Nations wanted half a dozen or so extra clerks—and twelve hundred and fifty people of both sexes applied! Out of these one hundred were chosen to sit for an examination, which has just been concluded. I can't congratulate any candidates yet, because the results are not out, but I *can* congratulate the authority which set the examination papers—for these actually included one section dealing with the work which the elected candidates would have to help to perform, and one question went so far as to require a knowledge of Section 405 of the Peace Treaty. Do *you* know what that is? No, I thought not! (Neither do I—but don't tell anybody!)

At the Swedish Ballet

ONE of the most curious puzzles in psychology is the way in which one nation will mimic the methods of another, which is its enemy. It was thus the "intelligentia" of this country—from the parsons who took their "higher criticism" from the Teuton to the Labour leaders who munched Marx with approval, worshipped the very warriors who were getting ready to spring on us. Similarly, the Swedish dancers who have opened a season at the Palace, have imitated the methods of the Russian ballet, though the Swede, until quite recently, has stood in the utmost fear of the Slav.

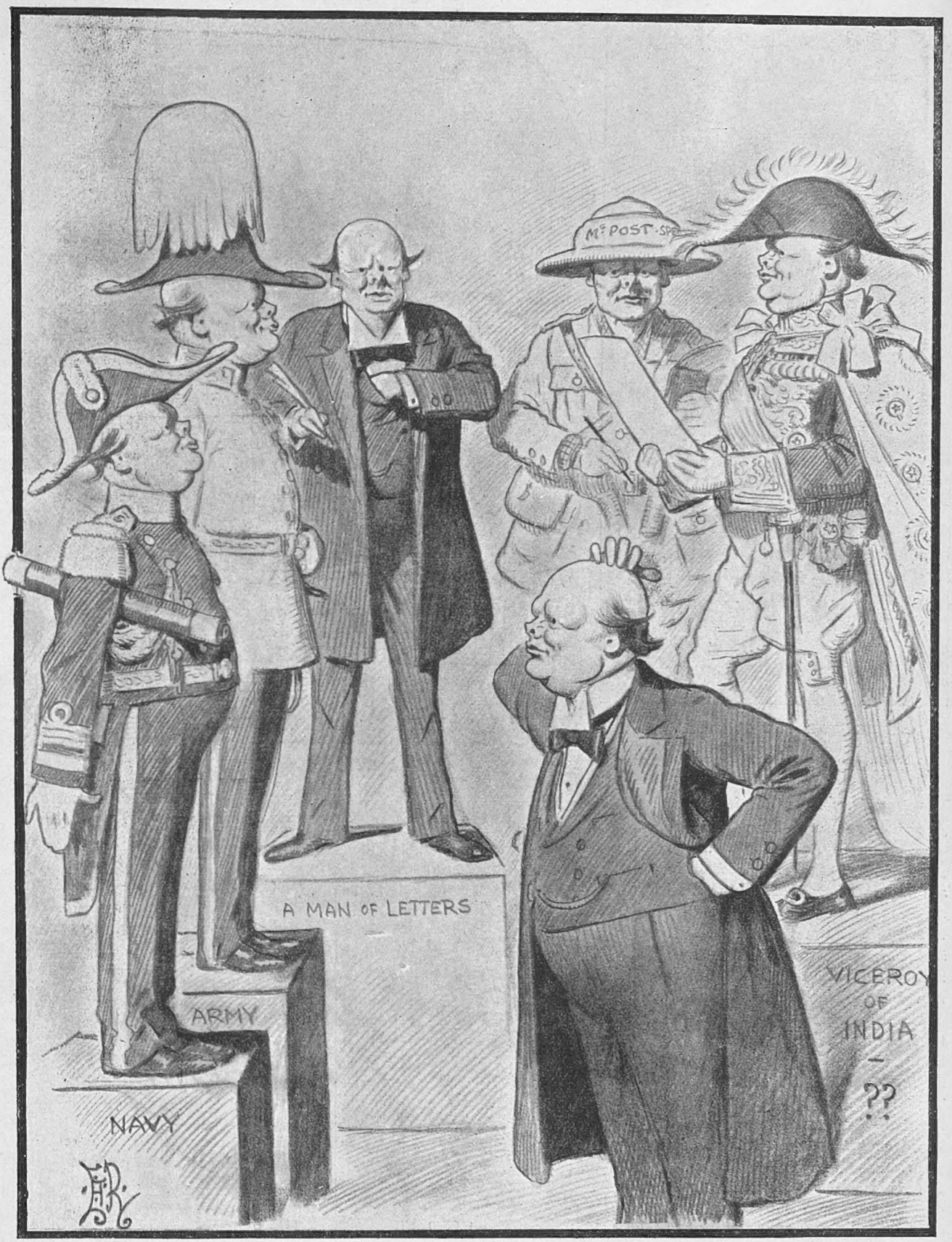
The Foolish Virgins

THAT is why many of the items in the repertory are tiresome. When, however, the Swede is content to be himself, as in the case of the last ballet, "Les Vierges Folles," he gives us something we have never seen before, even although Swedish folk-songs, which form the basis of the music, have been bound together by little harmonies that unquestionably recall Mozart. I see the very same people at the Swedish performances as at the Russian, for the devotees of ballet in our midst are *sui generis*. They are terribly "artistic," men and women alike, and favour modes of dress all their own. One of the most remarkable stallites is a young man who arranges his raven locks as "Kiss-me-Quicks."



"THE BABES *WELL* IN THE WOOD" By Tom Cottrell

Our Collectors



No. II.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

BY E. T. REED

Although, of course, he specialises in hats still, Mr. Churchill has contrived to put together an almost unique collection of costumes, *and*—between ourselves—***he hasn't finished yet.*** (The Viceroy's kit would naturally be the plum of the collection, but there is a very natty little robe that goes with the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.)

Photograph *G.P.U.*

ENTERING THE GUILDHALL

The Prince, in the uniform of a naval captain, with his brother, the Duke of York, inspecting the guard of Honour

Photograph *Photo Press*

THE PRINCE IN THE CITY

At the Guildhall last week the Prince of Wales was the guest of the City of London, and many notabilities were present, including Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. In his speech the Prince urged that everyone should "pull together"

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The American Royal Highness

THE return of King Constantine to Athens still hangs in the balance. We certainly are making new history in these times of grace and high income-tax. It is the first time, I believe, that a dethroned monarch has had to hesitate when he has been asked to remount the steps of his throne.

There is a good deal of speculation as to the position Princess Christopher of Greece will occupy at the Greek Court should King Tino and his consort return to Athens. All the difference in the world exists between the point of view of a reigning and a non-reigning Royal family. The welcome extended to the *richissime* Mrs. Leeds by "those poor Greeks"—as the Queen of Roumania described them—and the recognition extended to a non-royally born Princess Christopher when the resumption of a crown brings back

Photograph *Central News*

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Prince George (centre) on board H.M.S. Temeraire prior to his departure home for the holidays. He has just returned from a six months' training cruise

etiquette, Royal precedences, and what not, may very probably be two opposite things.

Princess George of Greece, who was born a Bonaparte—she was the daughter of Prince Roland—was given a very uncomfortable time by her "in-laws" in Athens, especially by her sister-in-law, Queen Sophie, because her mother was a daughter of the famous M. Blanc, who created the Casino at Monte Carlo, and incidentally made a prodigious fortune, most of which his daughter, Princess Roland Bonaparte, inherited.

Exile may have taught the Greek Royal family that tin-plates (Princess Christopher's first husband, Mr. Leeds, was a sort of Tin-plate Emperor in the United States) are worth more than wobbly thrones, but there is precedent to be considered. If a non-royally born person can be elevated to the rank of Royal Highness, albeit she

was born American, why not any other commoner? Then immediately arises the question of the status of the late King's wife. If his father and mother accept their non-royal sister-in-law as Royal Highness, how can the title of Majesty be withheld from their own son's widow? A pretty point in matters Royal. But perhaps Prince and Princess Christopher will solve the difficulty by following the example of Prince and Princess George in living out of Greece for sometimes twelve months of the year; at others for eleven months and a half.

Treasure Trove

CARELESSNESS is not usually a means to making other people happy, and in England we are not prone to ancestor-worship. But at the present moment there is a young man who, if he were a Chinese, would be burning joss-sticks all day long before the shrine of his double great-grandfather. Recently he succeeded to the paternal estate, already badly hit by the death duties following on two rather short reigns.

The town house was given up as the first step in the necessary economies. When the cellars were being cleared out, a big packing-case, hidden under a pile of rubbish, straw bottle covers, etc., was found in a corner. It was heavily roped, every knot being covered with a leaden seal, and addressed to the young man's great-great-grandfather.

What Was In It?

WHAT do you think was in that packing-case? A complete dinner and tea service of exquisite Sèvres from Versailles. They had been bought from a member of the Directoire Government by someone acting for the great-great-grandfather, despatched to England, and had lain unpacked and unnoticed in the cellar of the old family house for some hundred and twenty years.

Every dish, plate, and cup bore the Royal chiffre; of its authenticity there could be no doubt.

The case, the corners of which were stuffed with newspapers of the Revolution, and its contents are now on their way to South America, and the happy great-great-grandson has the wherewithal to pay his death duties, and a little bit over to build some cottages for ex-service men.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD CAPTAIN

Shaking hands with the King at Queen's Club

Silver This Time

IT is strange how valuable things are forgotten and overlooked in houses. I remember hearing a story when I was young of the owner of beautiful Ham House, at Petersham—not the present owner, Lord Dysart—showing a visitor over the house. They came to a little room at the top of a turret stair which the owner had never been into. It was half-filled with old silver-plates, dishes, tureens, dish covers, all piled one on top of the other on the floor and upon a long oak table. They were so black and tarnished that at first they were mistaken for pewter, but silver they were, some belonging to the time of Charles II., when the gay and wicked Duke of Lauderdale lived at Ham and was content with nothing less than silver fire-irons and door-handles.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

ANGLO-FRENCH WEDDING

Leaving St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, after the ceremony is seen M. Charles Fillonneau, the only son of General and Madame Fillonneau, and the bride, Miss Nina Kathleen Bowater, youngest daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Bowater, who were married last week

Photograph *Sport and General*

LAST WEEK'S GREAT MATCH

The Cambridge Captain being presented to the King before the game, which proved to be one of the most exciting ever contested between the rival 'Varsities

It was supposed that this mass of silver had been put together either for the making of an inventory, or for probate valuation on the death of some former owner of Ham House. Whatever the reason nobody knew how long it had lain in the turret chamber or how many successive owners of the house had lived and died ignorant of its existence.

Not Treasure Trove

BUT all such findings are not treasure trove. I remember once staying with a friend who had just succeeded to an ancestral hall. In the wine-cellar he found some Waterloo brandy and two bottles of champagne of 1820. The champagne was produced at dinner with

the veneration accorded to a vintage port hoary with cobwebs. I felt sorry for the butler who obviously felt his responsibility.

But no cheerful pop responded to his labours with the cork. His face was a study when a flat, pallid liquid fell from the bottle into our glasses; and so were ours, when we found we were drinking undiluted vinegar! Age may add to the value of royal china; it certainly doesn't to champagne.

Off for the Holidays

Most people who can get away seem to be departing—if they are not going to the South, they are going to Switzerland—for winter sports. I hope they have put their income-tax, due on New Year's Day, in the toe of their old stocking before departure. If not they will have nasty jars when they come back because the income tax people have grown quite callous to threats of going bankrupt. Not so long ago they were rather worried by these threats, and in some cases, I believe, even held their grasping hands and gave time. Now it is a case of your income-tax or our broker's man.

Photograph *E. Navello*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Has been playing golf vigorously of late on the links at Nice. He has just acquired a most charming villa in the vicinity, and Lady Patricia Ramsay, his daughter, supervised the furnishing

A New Form of Charity

The *thé dansant* is rapidly becoming the most popular, and certainly the most effective way of getting money for a charity. Some kindly soul — preferably highly-placed — lends her house. Here the organiser has a double score. There is the attraction of a name and no expense beyond the music and the lightest of light refreshments. The lender of the house is in no way disturbed as the drawing-room can be restored to its normal state before her husband comes home for dinner. The *thé dansant* threatens to oust the drawing-room meeting completely.

Photograph **TENNIS AT NICE** *Central News*

Everyone is playing tennis on the Riviera, for they are having a most wonderful spell of real tropical weather. Above are three well-known tennis players on French courts. From left to right can be seen, Mdlle. J. Franke, Mme. Moren, and Mdlle. Brassard

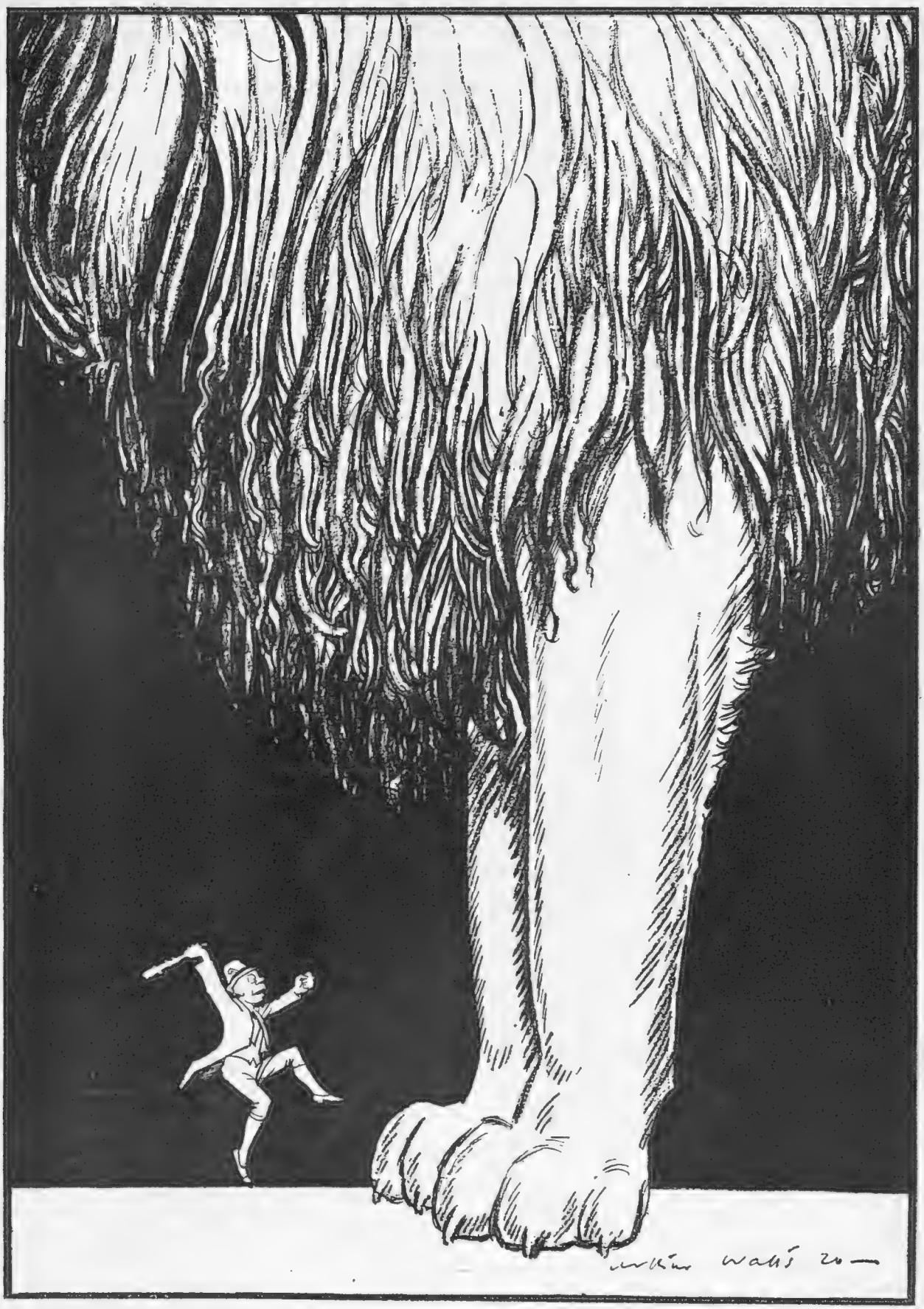
On The Riviera

Whatever may have happened in Greece, one thing is certain, there is a big influx of Greek visitors at Nice. They come, too, not as casual sojourners, but as people of importance. Athens may be too hot for them just now, so they seek the milder warmth of the Riviera, and the ladies wear their ultra-fashionable monkey fur *avec une différence*. Rumour has it that Nice is now the centre of much political intriguing, and the carnival is not going to be the outstanding attraction of the winter here.

Have we so soon forgotten? *Parsifal* is announced for production at Monte Carlo and *Siegfried* at the Opera in Nice. It was longer, far longer than that after the Franco-Prussian War before Wagner could get a hearing in France. But was he objected to because he was German or because there was no ballet in his operas? Musically, the Riviera promises better than ever before. Among *créations* is to be "La Damnation de Blanchefleur" of Henri Février, which a wit, complaining at the enormity of his laundry bill, dryly remarked, "La Damnation de Blanchisseuse."

But one must get used to high prices here—he not only *must*,

(*Continued on page 804*)



BY ARTHUR WATTS

THE NEW WAR

ON THE RIVIERA (concluded)

he *will*. The exchange availeth nothing. They have seen you coming. A bill was handed to an American at a gala dinner the other night, and looking at the tremendous addition, the Yankee smiled at the waiter, and said, "Well, I've got you this time. I'm worth more than that!" One must be prepared to spend all that he brought with him, all that he wins, and all that he left at home. Taxes are the epidemic of the hour—not popular, but fashionable. On a *loge* at the opera, there is Taxe Communale, Droit des Pauvres,

Photograph *Central News*

SWEDISH TENNIS CHAMPION

Yet another tennis "star" who is wintering on the Riviera is Mrs. Fick. In all probability she will meet Mdlle. Lenglen. The match should be an exceedingly interesting one

Photograph *E. Navello*

GINA PALERME

The famous musical-comedy actress, has forsaken her lovely house in Park Lane for the more equable climate of Nice. Considering the fogs we have had in London lately, perhaps she is right

Taxe d'Etat, Taxe de Timbre, figuring out in all about 50 per cent. of the cost of the *abonnement*. France is determined to pay her debts, and perhaps is wise in preferring taxes to strikes, so there is an *entente* here, scarcely *cordiale*, between music and high finance. A further and more delightful *entente* is announced in the music world of Monte Carlo, where a marriage has been arranged between Paul Gaurie, son of the composer, and Miss L. Boosey, daughter of the music publisher.

TIPPING has gone up in proportion to recently accumulated fortunes. The man who has Welsh rarebit for breakfast and wears a diamond ring, tips accordingly, and doesn't hesitate to give his waiter 100 per cent. — on his bill. Dear me—life is all out of focus—when the conventional 10 per cent. does not even receive a *merci* let alone a *beaucoup!* Victory is responsible for much.

THERE are some of the fine old types left though—not of waiters, but of millionaires. Cosmo Bonsor is at the Negresco and wears his fortune like a grace, not a burden.

Photograph *E. Navello*

BARONESS ORCZY

The famous novelist on the lawn of her charming villa on the Riviera, where she and her husband (Mr. Montague Barstow) are spending the winter months. It is not generally known that she is an artist of no small repute and has exhibited at the Royal Academy

Photograph *Central News*

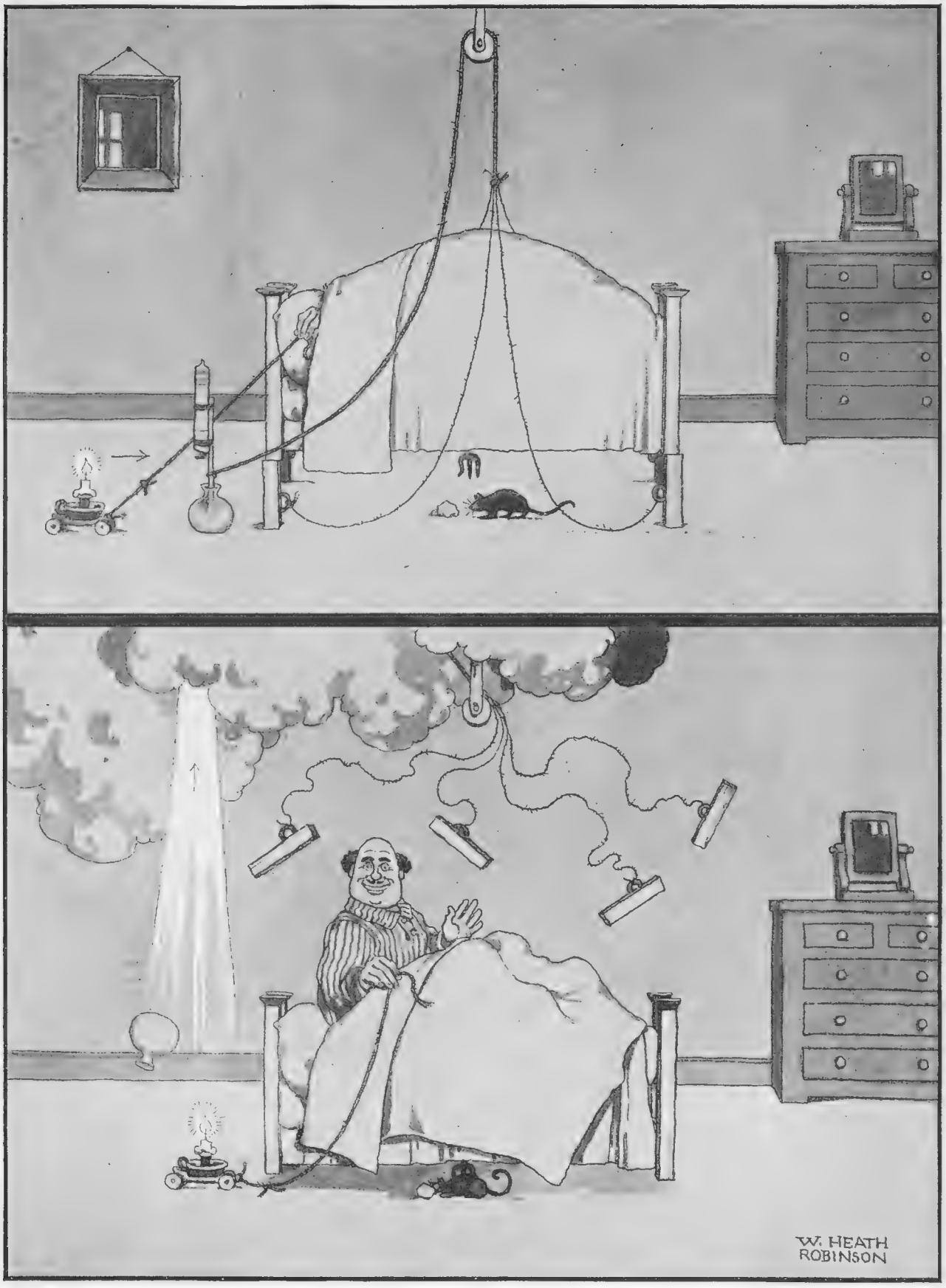
MDLLE. LENGLEN WITH HER FATHER

Suzanne Lenglen, the Ladies' Lawn-Tennis Champion of the World, who so distinguished herself at Wimbledon this year. At the moment she is in the South of France and will undoubtedly issue victorious from the many tournaments for which she has entered

TENNIS is soon to be vieing with ballet and fox-trot. The professionals' tournament at Beaulieu in Christmas week will include Burke, Negro, Roméo, and C. H. Ridding.

LITERATURE has its representatives already with us. Two extremes—Edith Wharton is at her villa at Hyères and "Willy," the creator of Polaire, for he wrote a woman, not books, is settled at Monte Carlo. So the great and interesting of the world which amuses itself is kenneling up on the Côte d'Azur for the record season, 1920-21.

Straight from Our Inventions Department



BY HEATH ROBINSON

RATS—AND HOW TO CATCH 'EM

THE SECRET OF SNAPPINESS

(According to the Food Controller "cooking is responsible for much human happiness.")

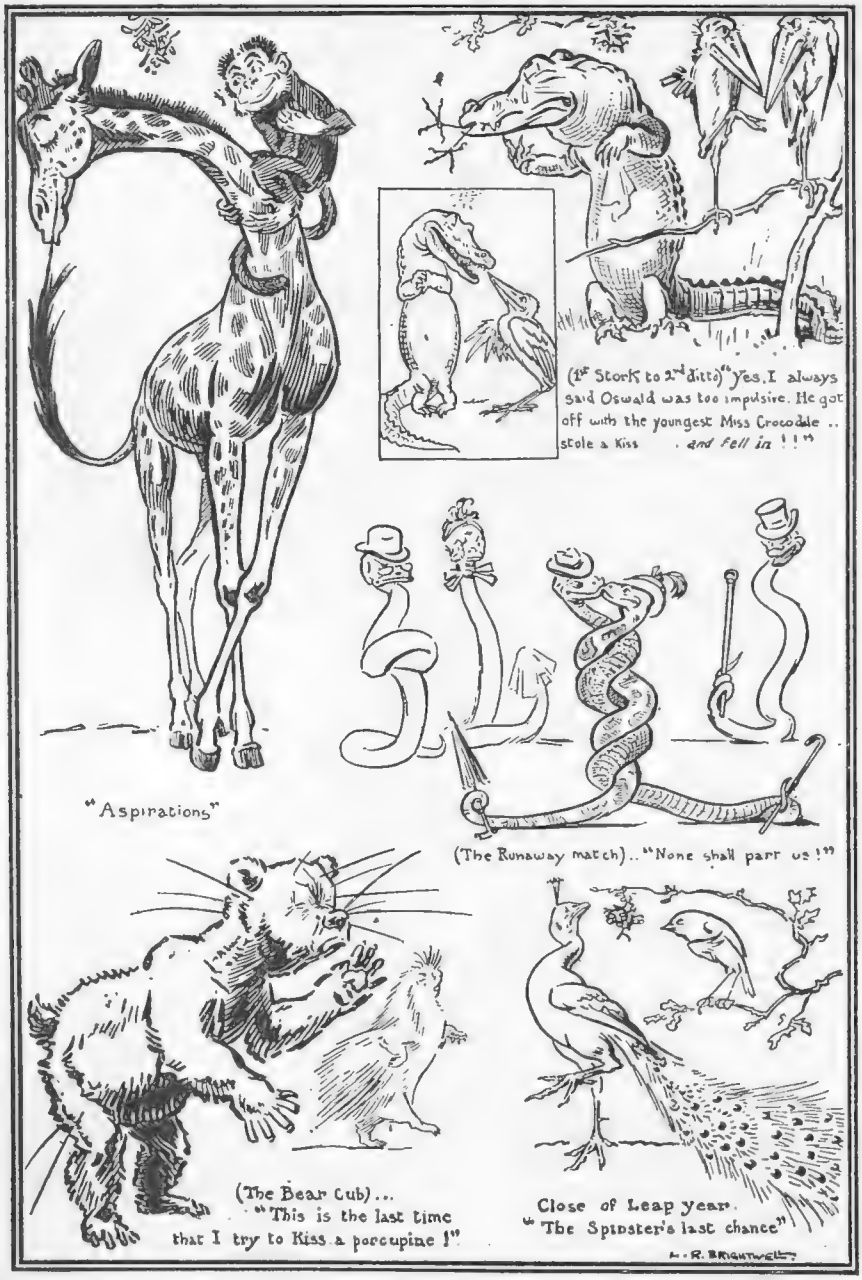
THE corner-stone of happiness
On which depends connubial bliss
Uninterrupted by distress,
Apparently is simply this:
To get, and keep, by hook or crook
A good, but not too plain a cook!

Her practised hand can smooth the way
So that the stubborn wheels go round
With soups that comfort common clay,
And pudding-lore extremely sound—
The chance of peace is much increased
By tactful feeding of the beast!

Her bacon (frizzled to a turn!)
Makes Life a better, brighter thing;
Her omelettes (which never burn)
Inspire the glummest bard to sing;
She works upon the well-worn plan
Of soothing Strephon's "inner man."

But when unkindly Fate declines
To grant this boon (the thought appals),
Strephon will suffer as he dines
Dyspepsia and sudden squalls—
Domestic thunder soon breaks loose
When Chloe tries to "cook his goose!"

E. L. ROBERTS



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

IF MISTLETOE CAME TO THE "ZOO"

DISILLUSION

I SAW the Youth emerge from a club bearing in his hand a missive of some kind. On his breast he wore a coat-flower—a red rose, which was not quite in its first stage of rosiness. Obviously, some feminine hand had set it there, and I scented Romance.

Suddenly he looked up with horror-stricken eyes from the missive. Then, with a spasmodic gesture, he wrenched the rose from his coat, and flung it in the gutter.

"Another romance shattered," I reflected, sadly, "This is, indeed, an Age of Disillusion."

I reconstructed the Romance in my mind. He had been a soldier, of course. Throughout the War he had cherished a certain Image in his heart. The Image had lightened the misery of those trench-soaked years. And now—how now?

He had come back to Her—they had walked in sweet converse—she had given him the rose. But, after giving it, something had happened. She had written to him cruelly—perhaps she had bade him see her no more. . . .

At the risk of appearing a busybody, and anxious to offer sympathy, I recovered the rose, and held it out to him.

"Pardon me," I prevaricated, "but I think you dropped this."

Surprised by my words, he dropped the missive. Then he laughed.

"Thanks, awfully," he said. "Fact is, I had to chuck it away. Two of those confounded wasps were hovering over the damned thing—and it was the only way to get rid of 'em."

Utterly overcome, I stooped and handed him the missive. I could not help catching sight of the words:

"To 1 Lounge Suit ... £10 0 0."

Yes. This is indeed an Age of Disillusion! P. BEAUFOY

"Jest" So!

BY WILMOT LUNT

SHE: "There's many a true word spoken in jest"
HE: "Very true; but there are more lies spoken in earnest!"

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin

"LA BAISSE"

MES AMIS—

I HAVE twelve letters of which I wish to speak to you. All of them come to arrive on one day. I will not give you all that is in them. *Pourtant cela vaudrait la peine.* Every word is worth a lot of money. But they would take up too much of THE BYSTANDER. I myself treasure them rapturously. I have put them carefully away with the German helmet and bayonet that I "brought back." They shall be also family heirlooms of the War.

THE first letter I have opened has been from my tailor. I have chosen this one because the writing has seemed to remind me of someone. It had a faint, misty suggestion of a person who has used to write to me ages ago—some old friend, long forgotten. I have lingered over the writing, pensively, before opening, wondering from whom it could be. Of course, I have never suspected it could be my tailor. It is so very long since he has written to me. Not even has he sent me any envelopes containing bills. He has made me pay the cash before I could have the *complets*.

BUT now! Now he writes to me in a manner to suggest that he will correspond with me at the beginning of each spring, summer, winter, and autumn season. It appears, according to his letter, that I have been in his thoughts all the time, that it is I, somehow, who have got an entirely erroneous idea that his attitude was rather distant.

I HAD, to speak candidly, the impression that diplomatic relations had been broken off. The last time I have gone to see him has been when the *baisse* had been much announced. I had reminded him that when he has charged me the *prix du jour* for cheviot he had bought at the *prix d'avant guerre* he had said he must charge me the price he would himself have to pay to replace the material. I had said, "Now that the cost of *matières premières* has so very much descended you will be able to sell to me at the price to replace." With a look of almost contempt at my outrageous behaviour he has hinted that I am always able to leave the stuff if I am not satisfied.

BUT now! (I wish to say it again because it is such joy.) Now he has a complete stock of all my favourite cloths (everyone unobtainable when I have had enough of courage to ask for it during the last three years) at prices which will allow me to have two suits where I have with difficulty been able to afford one before. There is no figure in Paris on which the artist-cutter is so anxious to advertise his skill to the *flaneurs* as mine (according to the letter). And in view of the long-standing affection (which I alone had thought at an end), there is no hurry for payment.

"The first letter I have opened"

"... to leave the stuff if I am not satisfied"

I HAVE opened at once the next letter to relieve my feelings. This time I have not stopped to study the writing. But it was from another old friend. At least, that is what the letter says. My wine-merchant! That lofty being who for scores of months has treated my *commandes* of his 1911 Nuit St. Georges with the most supreme disdain. Who has even conveyed the word that it was as a remarkable condescension that he could let me have of the newest Bordeaux. No more, then, does he reserve his

(Continued on page 810).

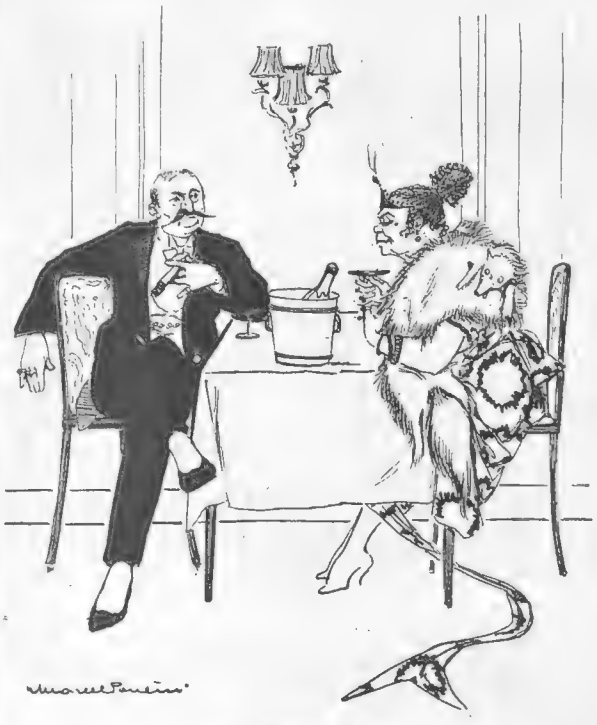
Midinettes' Day in Paris

BY MARCEL PONCIN

THE FEAST OF STE. CATHERINE

Is a fête day for all in the Gay City, and more especially for the midinettes, whom our artist has pictured above in characteristic attitudes

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)



"The 'profiteurs de guerre'"

divinest flavours for hotel-palaces where the guests will pay any price without question, or the blatant mansions of the *profiteurs de guerre!* Now, his one anxiety is that I shall not lose the chance of bargains in Bourgognes or Beaujolais. *Quel change de mots!*

In this swirl of surprise I take another envelope, this one delicately tinted and addressed with the machine. M. Caribeau has received a quite exceptional consignment of zephyrs and Oxfords. He would particularly draw my attention to the unlimited range of stripes. My favourites, if his memory serves him well. (M. Caribeau must have taken his memory out of one of his great big drawers and dusted off the patch that has been in the way of his recollections for so long.) He has also the exact patterns for which I have a weakness in socks and just my size in collars. Queer, it seems to me, the collar-maker should start to make that size again when he had found "it was never asked for." As usual, M. Caribeau writes, I can take the first choice of materials to make up shirts or of any, or all, of the other goods. "As usual!" (*Ciel!*)

Almost poetical is the letter of the hatter. Never has he had such perfect shapes, so suited to my figure and way to dress. They might have been designed just for me, he has interjected casually, as if by afterthought. I shall make the mistake to wear an out-of-date style unless I go round to buy. He is the first hatter in Paris to receive them (straight from the works at Stockport). He will sell them all out very quickly, of course, but in view of our many years' association he will try to keep a number aside. Will I let him know what day I am likely to pass that way, and he will give the personal attention!

You must remember that I have been without news from these affectionate correspondents for nearly six years. Similarly, of my long-whiskered bootmaker, my golden-haired confectioner, my stiff-starched *crémier*, and the rest of the effusive *douzaine* who have rediscovered my existence on the same day as if by magic impulse. Have I any old boots to be repaired? My bootmaker will be deprived of one of his supremest pleasures if he is not permitted to make them once more new. His reference to his own new stock is drawn in with delicacy. Surely it must have been another who has looked so pointedly at the door when I have mentioned something under three hundred francs. The confectioner mentions bon-bons for *étrennes*: bargains, all bargains.

I have recovered my dignity. No more do I go to be the down-trodden worm for the unbreakable combination of rude or unapproachable shopkeepers. They take off their hats. Almost they go to lick my boots. When I go to their shops they will shake my hand at the door. They will welcome me with a smile. Why? They have now more need of me than I have of them. That quaint reversal of the position of seller and buyer goes soon to be at an end. *La Vie Chère* goes to collapse. No need for me to be told in *manchettes* in the *Journal* that prices are going to fall. They fall. My twelve correspondents prove it.

ROLAND

"My golden-haired confectioner"

Sea-Maidens of Spain

COMPETE FOR A CUP PRESENTED BY THEIR QUEEN

THE SCENE IN THE HARBOUR
Just before the start of the sailing race for girls at Barcelona

Photographs *Central Press*

A GROUP OF COMPETITORS
Senora Amat, the winner, is wearing a black tie

SENORA AMAT (seated)
on board the boat which she steered to victory

Queen Victoria of Spain, formerly Princess Ena of Battenberg, who is a keen patroness of sport among her subjects, recently presented a cup to be competed for by girls in a sailing race at Barcelona. The girls sailed their boats entirely single-handed though each one had a boatman on board for safety

State-Made Plutocrats and Paupers

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

Fifth Avenue on Manhattan Island and the slums of Third Avenue to the east of it present no such contrasts of Plutocracy and Poverty as does post-War Prussland. Every post-War Pruss is soaring lark-like towards Billionairedom or crawling worm-like into Pauperism. That is the fruit of Liberationist Semi-Socialism, which has accomplished the high aim of protecting Speculators, Parasites, and downright Thieves, and of depressing Worthless Work. Germany needs Production. But the best, most useful Producer in the whole Republic feels lucky if his income can be stretched to pay for 365 dinners of *Hafergrütze* and enough clog-sandals (boots being unthinkable) for his infants. A friend of the B.-in-B. lately visited a Professor known internationally as one of the three or four most meritorious, useful, and personally irreproachable scholars of Europe.

He informed the B.-in-B.'s friend that he had spent the morning discussing with his wife how to cut down expenses. He had one "luxury" left, two glasses of weak beer daily. After elaborate Einsteinian calculations, his wife and he had come to the conclusion that—he must give up the beer. Yet the Kurfuerstendamm district "gold-bug" restaurants are thronged nightly with revellers who pay 400 marks for a bottle of bad wine. This 400 marks, at present prices, would pay for the Professor's beer for 250 days.

The source of this condition—which is typical, which is almost universal—is that Semi-Socialism has evolved a state of economic society in which Useful Work does not pay, in which Useless Parasitism does pay. For two years past the Semi-Socialists have waged a persistent war against Work, Production, real Trade, creative Science, and inspiring Thought. They have encouraged, true, the Get-Poor-Quick trend. But they have encouraged also the Get-Rich-Quick mania. And one cannot Get-Rich-Quick by useful work. One gets rich quick (if at all) by innumerable methods, devices, and accidents which are best summed up by the word Speculation. The whole economic system of post-War Prussland lies in encouraging Speculation. Hence the Plutocracy; hence the Pauperism; hence the fact that the Fifth and the Third Avenues in broiling Manhattan present no such contrasts in property conditions as does Prussland to-day.

This matter is hard to explain in a few words. In principle—in unprincipledness, that means—the hyper-regulating Semi-Socialistic Upper Bureaucrats have regulated out of existence the profits of useful work; and further by bad Finance have created a crazy Price, Stock, and Exchange stability, which places Wealth in the hands of citizens who produce nothing, but who have a little capital and sufficient brains to watch different markets. For instance! The Semi-Soc. Upper Bureaucrats declare that no farmer may charge more than 1,500 marks a ton for wheat. If he does, he goes to gaol. The same Semi-Soc. Upper Bureaucrats pay to Americans 6,000, sometimes 7,000 marks, for the same ton of wheat. They print paper money with which to pay. (This winter, they admit, they must pay America 12,000,000,000 marks for wheat alone.)

The farmer, quite as in mild, tedious Russia, refuses to produce. The crops of rye, sugar-beet, and every other food product except watery potatoes have gone back disastrously since 1914. When the vast new flood of paper money produces a Price earthquake, and an Exchange and Stock Exchange earthquake, the Speculators step in; they make more millions in a week than the real workers of a great city make in a year; and—the Kurfuerstendamm "gold-bug" restaurants are the result.

Nearly every German with brains abandons Production and Trade and goes in for speculation. He discovers useful Trade is mainly a gamble. Why, then, he argues, worry with the small trade element in the deal; leave the trade out, and gamble only. "To make any money at Trade," he says, "I must speculate in exchange. That controls everything. Well, I shall abandon the Trade, and speculate directly in exchange." And as any man with enough capital and brains to conduct a big business house can easily make money in speculation, the change of occupation is a success. So Trade languishes; and—the "gold-bug" restaurant ("Otto, bring me a third bottle at 425 marks!") flourishes.

Last spring tens of millions of marks were "earned" by a small gang of Berliners, who knew nothing about Trade, or Industry. If you had asked them what "f.o.b." meant they would have answered "a thing on your watch-chain." But they had studied the Bad Bureaucrats' deals in State-Irregulated Commerce abroad; they concluded that the mark exchange would go violently down, and that prices would go violently up. They cornered half the vacant flats in Berlin (one cannot get a flat to live in; one can always get one to speculate in), heaped them up with goods bought indiscriminately, good and bad goods, raw metal, machines, carpets, socks, clinical thermometers, yeast, and statues of dead Popes; and—waited. Well, the State-Irregulated Commerce duly caused in three months the greatest price-rise in history. Commodities rose 400 per cent. Then the flat-cornerers unloaded. And the flats, being again vacant, were turned into "gold-bug" restaurants. Everyone was happy.

Bairnsfather in the States—No. II.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

HERE IT IS AGAIN!

[The promoters of the recent Exhibition at the White City would, we think, have appreciated this sort of thing much more than Captain Bairnsfather seems to have done.—Ed.]

Hoping for the "Best"

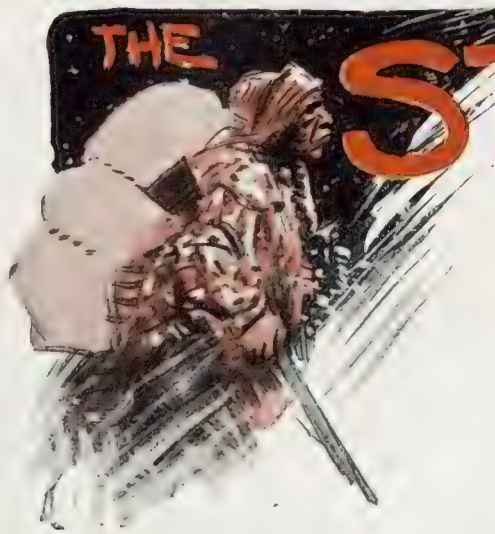
Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS EDNA BEST

The talented and versatile young actress now appearing in "Brown Sugar" at the Garrick Theatre. This new and hitherto unpublished portrait suggests a desire to probe the hidden secrets of the future. Perhaps it is safe to predict that in "Peter Pan," in which she plays the title role of Sir James Barrie's masterpiece, shortly to be revived at the St. James's Theatre, she will make another brilliant success

THE STORM AT THE STRAND

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*



THE eternal triangle again, and in a primeval forest, too! One of those stories of wild life in the Far North-West which have come to us across the Atlantic in rather large numbers of late, a story of a pretty woman who finds herself unexpectedly alone in exclusively male society outside the pale of civilisation. It is the kind of story that is usually popular with the ladies, who will follow it sympathetically either because they are sorry for the danger the poor girl is in, or because they envy her good fortune. Apparently we must always go to the American continent for stories of the kind because our canvases here are not large enough for the home-made product. The police would step in long before the danger became acute enough for the sobs of the spectators. One of the fine mechanical effects in this production, for instance, is a forest fire. An English writer dealing with this theme would first of all have to find his forest; and, to the best of my knowledge, there are no primeval forests in the West End; while as for the East, I am told that Epping is too green to burn.

THUS we come to Burr Winton, an old-timer who has a log cabin in a primeval forest of the Far North-West. Just how he makes his living is not quite clear to me; but he is thriving well enough to be able to take in a partner. Young David Stewart, of London, decides to rough it a bit in the wilds in the hope of being able to forget an unhappy love affair,

(Continued on page 815)

The Smackman's

In the teeth of an angry gale the old yawl is racing for home that it may arrive in time for the Christmas market. Hoping for a good catch, the skipper has hung on to his fishing grounds just too long, and has been becalmed in the lull of a winter gale. In all probability he will be a day or two late, spending the Christmas he has looked forward to

Christmas Eve

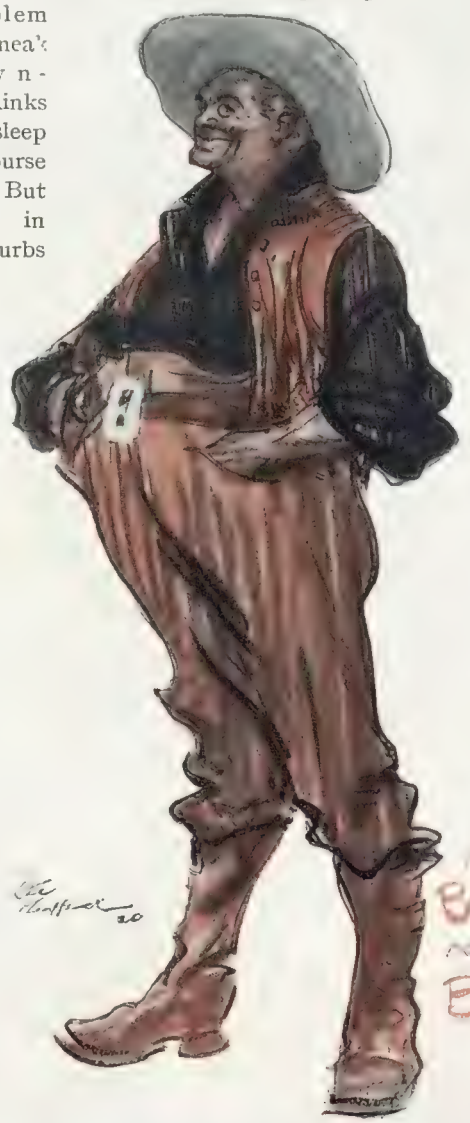
BY FRANK H MASON

with his wife and children, in loneliness at sea. One can imagine the pathetic sight of wives and families watching on the quay each smack arrive, and anxiously looking for the expected one. It is not yet too late for the yawl to reach harbour—otherwise, Christmas for the crew surrounded by the cold dreariness of the winter seas . . . .

and no sooner have the two settled with due formality to be firm friends than the woman butts in. It is a way women have. I suppose, as the pious say of our other troubles, they are sent to try us. It happens this way. Jacques Fachard, a French-Canadian trapper, has been travelling up and down the country with his pretty daughter for some time, engaged in the smuggling industry. One day he runs foul of the North-West Mounted Police, who take a long-distance shot at him. His daughter, the fair Manette, drags him as far as Burr's cabin, and though Burr and his partner assure the girl that the old man will pull through all right, he duly hands in his checks. (This term is used for the sake of the American "atmosphere.") About the same time the snow comes, and there is no way out of the primeval forest till the spring.

THUS we have the perfect triangle, snowed up in a cabin for the winter season. Just what would really happen in such a case is neither here nor there. In the world of romance it is usual to sprinkle a little poetry into the situation; and that is what is done here. Both men want to marry the girl. But it is impossible to secure the attendance of a priest before the snows melt, and in the meantime, there she is. Burr, therefore, supplies the romantic element. He is in love with the girl, properly and honestly. But David Stewart is less romantic. He has come to the primeval forest straight from the heart of civilisation, and we all know what the heart of civilisation thinks of women. His idea of solving the problem is to sneak downstairs when he thinks Burr has gone to sleep and steer a wary course for Manette's room. But the noise he makes in opening the door disturbs the girl, and she wakes, calling loudly for Burr. It is then that we notice that for a lady snowed up in a primeval forest she has rather a dainty nightie, and when she slips out of bed and begins to sob, it seems quite like home.

BURR rushes into the room with his gun in his hand. (You always say "gun" in American stories when you mean pistol.) There is a rather painful scene in the girl's bedroom. Burr is in doubt as to whether or not he ought to shoot David for treading on holy ground; and David is rather inclined to shoot Burr so that he may come by the spoils of war. Much of the undeniable ugliness of the scene is softened by the very convincing acting of Miss Kyrle Bellew, who, with her dainty French accent, makes a very appealing picture of pathos and helplessness. The result of the meeting is that the men, unknown, of course, to Manette, make a truce between themselves. They will pretend to go on being friendly until the spring comes. Meanwhile, Manette treats them both alike, being undecided as to which of the two she likes best. She is, in fact, if one may say so without disrespect, in the position of the famous ass of Buridan, whose head lay so exactly between two equally tempting bundles of hay that he had no impelling motive to turn to one or the other first, and was in danger of perishing of hunger



in consequence. When spring comes the tension is relieved by the appearance of a friendly Indian who arrives on the scene in a hurry to announce that the forest is on fire, and that the wind is blowing the flames that way.

MANETTE appeals to the Indian to take her away, and he promptly obeys; but the fire reaches them before they have gone far, and the two survive the flames by means of a device known only to the wily Indians. The fire is quite nicely realistic. Flames leap up from the ground, great trees fall with a crash, and there is the lurid glare without which no conflagration of the kind is complete. About this time David Stewart shows his hand. He locks Burr in the cabin so that he shall have no way of escape; but as the flames increase in volume, David realises that he himself will be safer inside the cabin than out of it. He, therefore, knocks for admittance, and Burr not only lets him in, but saves his life into the bargain, which is, of course, a very nice and polite thing to do. When the danger has passed the Indian comes back, carrying Manette in his arms. He walks about the stage with her, and steps over heaps of fallen timber with her as if she were merely a featherweight. This part is played by Mr. H. K. Ayliff, who would appear to be a rather muscular person; and his feat of strength, apparently performed so easily, gives the finishing touch to his admirable impersonation of the Indian, Maniteekwa. Both Burr and David come through the trouble with only slight casualties. Burr is temporarily blinded, and David gets off with a broken arm.

MANETTE SINGS, AND DAVID STEWART (JAMES DALE) TRIES TO LOOK DISINTERESTED

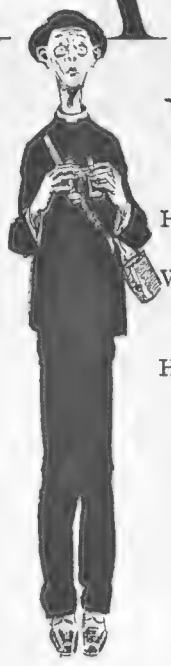
THAT FALLING TREE FROM THE STALLS

THEN the triangular trouble is solved in a way that is honourable and satisfactory to all concerned. You will see for yourselves, no doubt, how the story ends. Mr. James Dale as David plays his rather unpleasant part very well indeed; while Mr. Bourchier represents to the life the sturdy old-timer of the primeval forest, with his deep reverence for the unprotected female. He conveys very successfully the impression of the strong individuality necessary to make such a character a convincing one. But I think it is to the charm of Miss Bellew that the play owes such success as will be coming to it. I have not before seen this lady in a part that suited her so well. A drama of the elemental passions in the primeval forests is bound, of course, to be a little disagreeable; but I think all concerned in this production have softened the blow for us as well as could be expected under the very trying circumstances. JINGLE

A SPORTING LIFE

BY A. A. THOMSON

["*I occasionally try to earn an honest penny at cards, and if a winner were given me I would certainly back it.*"—The Rev. Doctor Cotton, Fleetwood.—*Sunday Times.*]



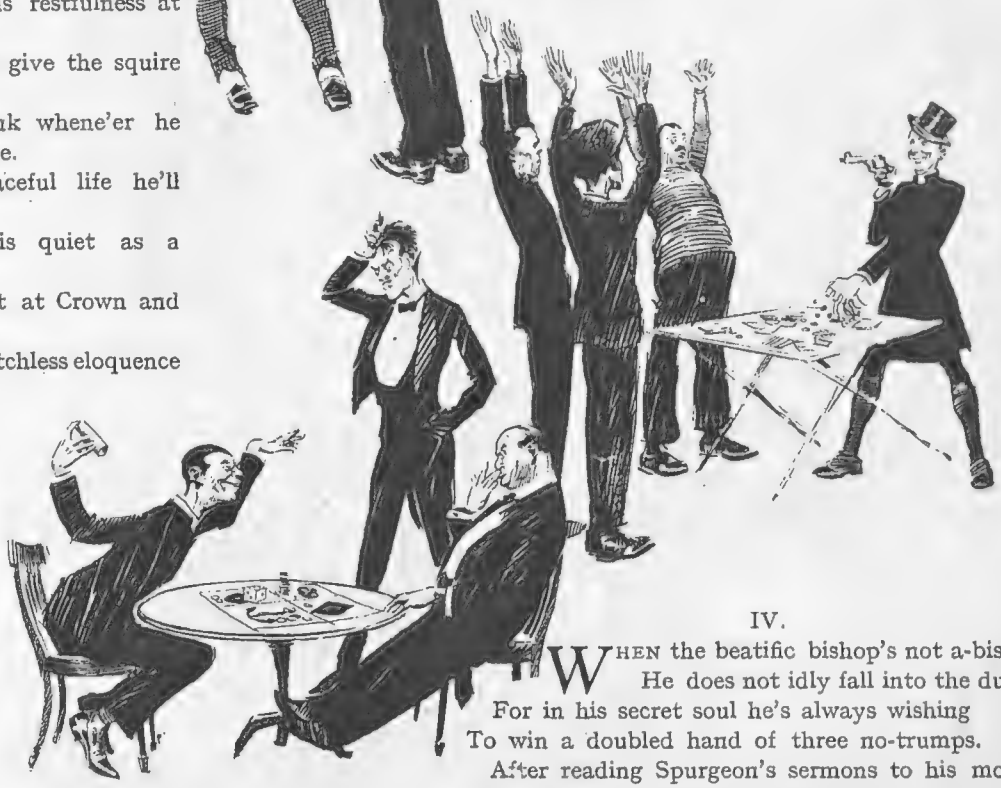
WHEN the conscientious curate's not a-curing
And the Sewing Guild is over for the week,
He finds a hand at solo most alluring
And turns an honest penny at bezique.
When he's not a-preaching sermons bright and pepsome,
Or dispensing calves' foot jelly to the sick,
He loves to buy, upon the course at Epsom,
Prophetic envelopes from Dead-Cert Dick.

II.

WHEN the very virile vicar's not a-viccing,
He finds a pious restfulness at loo;
At snooker he can give the squire a licking,
And blushes pink whene'er he pots the blue.
Though for a peaceful life he'll ever hanker
And normally is quiet as a mouse,
He waxes militant at Crown and Anchor,
And vents his matchless eloquence at House.

III.

WHEN the grim and gloomy dean has ceased from glooming,
And his weekly jeremiads are at rest,
He keeps the local bookies' business booming
And cuts his losses with a sportive jest.
After picking out the faults of wicked sinners,
It appears to him a just and seemly thing
To pick, with fervent zeal, to-morrow's winners,
And glean straight information from the Ring.



IV.

WHEN the beatific bishop's not a-bishing,
He does not idly fall into the dumps,
For in his secret soul he's always wishing
To win a doubled hand of three no-trumps.
After reading Spurgeon's sermons to his mother,
He collects his poker-winnings with a gun;
Oh, take one consideration with another,
The clergy's life is *quite* a sporting one.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Animal y Pense

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

DOGS ARE BEING TRAINED, STATES A CONTEMPORARY, TO FIND AND RETRIEVE LOST GOLF BALLS. OUR ARTIST MAKES A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR TRAINING OTHER ANIMALS

Cupid's Winged Way

Photograph *British Illustrations*

MISS CICELY DEBENHAM AND HER FIANCÉ, LIEUT.-COLONEL G. L. P. HENDERSON, M.C., A.F.C.

"Just off for a flight

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS CICELY DEBENHAM

Who made such a great success in "A Little Dutch Girl" produced recently. The engagement was quite a surprise to most people and whether her marriage will terminate her stage career remains to be seen

By Alfred Leete

LOOKING THE GIFT HORSE . . .

Wife: "What would you like me to give you for a Christmas present?"
Husband: "It's very good of you, my dear, but I don't think I can afford anything this year"

Table Manners and How Not to Do So

BY A. P. GARLAND

There have been many laudable efforts to set down in print a series of rules for the guidance of young men who are about to make their *début* at a formal dinner-party. Unhappily, the writers are always too cold and austere. Their efforts lack the warm touch of human interest. Their instructions are too general, and would suit equally well a christening, a statutory meeting of creditors, or the unveiling of a new town hall. Whereas a dinner-party is often quite a bright little affair, and—with a certain amount of give-and-take on the part of all concerned—should never leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth.

Of course, no little delicacy is necessary in handling the subject of table-manners, for, as Milton wittily put it, "one man's meat is another man's *poisson*." But when I think of the pitfalls, the traps, the gins (non-alcoholic) that beset the footpath of the neophyte I gladly do my best to ensure that no bright, young, ardent soul shall damn himself socially through ignorance.

Let us assume, for example, that you are in the drawing-room of the fascinating Lady Topknotte, waiting till the knell of Big Ben shall warn you that the mulligatawny has been decanted and that the dinner is ready. A glance at the mirror has shown you that your tie is still holding the fort and that your trust in the hair-mucilage is justified. Your hostess has, with a genial nod, indicated Lady Puffley as your eating partner. What's the etiquette?

A policy of silent suffering is the answer. You may not like Lady Puffley's face: she may be High Church while you are *vice-versâ*: she may be opposed to whippet-racing, infant damnation, and bobbed hair—causes to which you may have devoted your life; she may even refuse mustard with her mutton. On the other hand, Biddy Follicle—one of the Follicle-Follicles—may have allured you, and with blood-shot orbs you watch her being handed over to an Early Victorian buck, with a three-storeyed chin and a Zeiss monocle. Never mind. Be a Briton. Think of your good deed for the day. Stick it. Above all, never allow your allotted partner to think you are annoyed at the result of the draw. Chuck a winning smile at her, and say, "Delighted."

That done, your next step is to find out what is Lady Puffley's pet subject, so that you may think out a few brilliant impromptu epigrams in preparation for the table chat. You dare not trust to chance.

I knew a man named Tiffen, who prided himself on his conversational ability, and who was staying with some friends at a cathedral city at the time of a musical festival. At a dinner-party he was allotted as partner a Mrs. Dacre-Billow, whom he had never seen nor heard of

TABLE MANNERS AND HOW NOT TO DO SO (*concluded*)

before. Just as the party was about to march into dinner his hostess touched him on the arm, and, indicating his fair companion with a nod, whispered "Solo whist." Tiffen nodded in comprehension. The hint was sufficient.

All through dinner he talked cards. Solo whist, auction, banker, *vingt-et-un*, and *baccarat* he handled crisply and with knowledge. He invented tales of extraordinary hands he had encountered, and of huge losses. But the face of the Sphinx was positively sparkling in comparison with that of Mrs. Dacre-Billow.

It was only after the meal that he learned that she was the president of the local Anti-Gambling Federation and the principal soloist at the Cathedral.

Nowadays Tiffen always makes people write things down. The ear is too easily deceived, he says.

Your next step is with the left foot as you convey your partner into the dining-room, where, as a rule, sufficient chairs are provided so that an undignified scramble is unnecessary.

Two courses are here open to you. While your partner is still erect you may push the chair in and collect her as you would a piece of jelly on a spoon. Then you may tuck her napkin under her chin, and say frivolously, "Hair-cut or shave, sir?"

That will break the ice, so to speak. In a moment you are on terms of familiarity, and can discuss family matters, such as the cure of whitlows or the price of blacklead.

Let us imagine now that you and Lady Puffley are seated and that your slacks are hoisted to the Plimsoll mark of your dove-coloured suspenders. This is the moment to test your *savoir-faire*.

Soup.—I presume you can manage this with enough restraint.

If a pea, bean, or mangel wurzel be left high and dry on your plate after the soup has ebbed, do not snaffle it. It may be wanted for the hens' stockpot.

Fish.—This item presents little or no difficulty. See, of course, that you get hold of the proper implements. Do not let the chaste simplicity of the nut-crackers or the asparagus-tweezers inveigle you into a proleptic display with them. Remember that for feeding implements the order of batting, so to speak, is indicated by the order of the implements working from the outside. At the same time use a little discretion, in case lack of space crushes you against your neighbours and your bags of tools get mixed.

Fish-Bones: What to do with them. Many a useful brochure has been written on the subject, but the golden rule is to have nothing at all to do with them. Of course, cases arise where a bone has been nestling beneath a mouthful of shad or conger, and you don't notice it until a sharp pang in your eye-tooth reminds you. For that I have always a simple remedy. If it is anything for size—a thigh-bone, fibula, scapula, or odonto-glossus, for instance—I stow it in the north-east corner of my mouth until at a thrilling moment during the recital of a ghost-story, when all is tense, I remove it gently with my forefinger and thumb, and bending down unobtrusively place it in my sock. Many a happy little supper has my prize Shorthorn cat, Tirpitz, enjoyed through helping me to disrobe after a dinner-party.

Asparagus.—At the recent Asparagus Congress at the Hague Tribunal it was proved that there are only three first-class asparagus-eaters in London. And all of these admit that they owe their dexterity to a correspondence course of snap-dragon. *Verb. sap.* But even the novice can acquit himself satisfactorily if, and only if, when he has once grasped the butt of the piece, he keeps his eye firmly fixed on the tip. The question invariably arises whether he is to move his head to the asparagus or the reverse. For anybody below a scratch man we recommend the former. Many cases of wry neck are attributed to carelessness in the use of the latter method.

Dessert.—When the question of a choice of fruit arrives the novice must be on his guard. Many a hapless youth has lost his temper with a peach, and, before he has given it what-for, the men-servants have been busy for many minutes with wads of blotting-paper drying his neighbours.

The safe rule is to select something that you know well—something, such as a banana, which you have seen on the barrows and can undress without any qualms. The old method, however, of pushing one's face into an orange is scarcely ever seen nowadays, the fashion being to take off the epidermis exactly as one discards a sweater.

There are, also, a few general rules which to a polite diner are a *sine quâ non*, and may be a *modus vivendi*.

For instance, it is imperative to forget the barrack-room habits you acquired during the War and to avoid quarrelling with the portions you are given. Even if Lady Puffley has been served with a nice piece of wing of chicken, whilst you have got the unmeaty drumstick of a two-faced owl, do not threaten the man-servant or call him names. If you happen to be a strong, silent man who *will* have his way, drop down to the kitchen and have a few carefully chosen words with the cook. She will probably be flattered by your visit, and may promise to make up for the fowl by an extra helping of pudding.

But if, on the other hand, you think of your long line of ancestors, the old school, the old regiment, and the old badminton club, you will not be so unmanly. Memories will crowd upon you, and you will nobly rise to the occasion and resolve to trust to diplomacy to right your wrongs. Quietly and unobtrusively you will draw Lady Puffley's attention to someone at the other end of the table. Whilst her eyes are turned thitherwards—that is, where I said—you can with deft fingers substitute your piece of chicken for hers. That is in accordance with the best public school traditions.

Of course, it is possible to overdo things in carrying out this policy. Restraint is necessary in order to escape reprisals. Above all, one must avoid the faintest *soupçon* of hoggishness.

If by chance, in attempting to crack a nut, you happen to slice, and the wretched thing strikes the host in the eye, do not duck your head as if you feared reprisals. Simply call out "Fore!" and laugh the incident off.

Tact, good nature, and a sense of humour will overcome all difficulties, and remember always that a dinner-party has its *raison d'être* more in social communion than in mere eating.

A. P. Garland

Things That Never Happen

WILL OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. IV.—SIGNOR CARUSO JUST MISSES REACHING HIS TOP NOTE

The Call of the Snow

Photograph A MODERN SKI-ER *Will Cadby*

Everybody is busily packing for the Christmas holidays. Trunks and boxes labelled for Mürren, Wengen, St. Moritz, in fact every Swiss pleasure resort, litter our bedrooms in distressing profusion. In the photograph the girl is seen wearing a very serviceable garb, although one that is faintly reminiscent of days when her brothers probably swelled the ranks of the cavalry—or infantry

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 13

DEAR COUSIN—

SURPRISING, isn't it, how some quite simple little things amuse and intrigue one so much more than other apparently much cleverer and more complicated ones? Bobbie Hale, for instance, has only just got to remark "I hate time and trouble," in the evergreen and ever-sparkling *Irene*, or W. H. Berry in *The Naughty Princess* to say something sweetly unsophisticated like—

Jazz and the world jazzes with you,
Marry and you live alone—

and the world laughs with them millions of times as much as at something frightfully and ingeniously and elaborately funny, like. . . . But p'raps better not give the other kind a name.

卐 卐

DON'T remember, either, any masterpiece of brilliant diction, any of the most telling situations devised by any of the most famous authors, from Shakespeare to Shaw, from Milton to H. F. Maltby, ever arousing such heartfelt, widespread, and well-nigh uncontrollable enthusiasm as pervaded the entire audience at one of the theatres last week, when in the midst of an impassioned scene the heroine's skirt slipped right down, and lay on the ground at her feet for quite half a minute before she realised what had happened! Sort of occasion, by the way, to thank Heaven you've spared no time or trouble on the *dessous*, anyway, what?

卐 卐

TALKING of simple amusements, real sign of the coming of Christmas, isn't it, to have a circus starting at Olympia this week? And more symptoms of simple tastes as well as the "festal season" in the masses of pantomimes and things that are rehearsing themselves just fit to burst all over London. Dear old favourites like *Cinderella*, *Aladdin*, and the *Babes in the Wood* at Covent Garden and places, and hardy annuals such as *Peter Pan* and *Where the Rainbow Ends* and *Alice in Wonderland* and *The Private Secretary* taking possession of the "West End."

卐 卐

BE delightful, won't it, to have *somewhere* fit to take our parents to at last? And all sounds almost rurally Victorian and nice and sweet after the sophistications of the charming Swedish ballet at the Palace, or that wonderfully well-done Carl Rosa opera at Covent Garden, where I heard the other night quite one of the best *Samson and Delilahs* ever. Only wish, as I think I've said before, that our opera audiences here in London now were anywhere near as *bien soignés* and up to the mark, so to speak, as the music they come to hear.

"Marry and you live alone"

卐 卐

ALL the more air of rural innocence and that sort of thing, too, of course, because of the country visitors that have flocked into town to see the sights and all the rest of it. Including especially the farmers up for last week's Cattle Show at Islington—who, anyway, *look* as if they at least weren't involved in the general worry and ruin that, according to some of our councillors and advisers, are either overwhelming all the miserable inhabitants of this country (and most of the rest of the globe as well), or just going to.

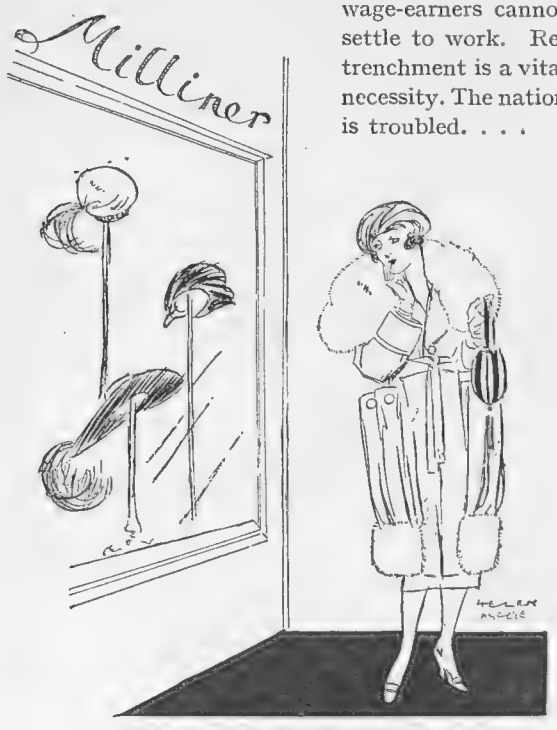
"Especially the farmers up for last week's Cattle Show

卐 卐

AN atmospheric depression, says Mr. Lloyd George (once more horribly depressed), encircles the earth, Europe is in rags and must work with both hands. We must have public and private economy of the most constructive and relentless kind.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

And "times are bad," says another of our mentors. Employers are troubled about the future; wage-earners cannot settle to work. Retrenchment is a vital necessity. The nation is troubled. . . .



"Retrenchment is a vital necessity"

Is it—are we, I wonder? P'raps, as Mr. R. G. Knowles used to say, p'raps not. Positively astonishing the way we can somehow sit on the verge of cataclysms and abysses and things, and not really fret a little tiny bit. I suppose it's because we simply can't see the big things, even if they truly are there. And a good job, too, isn't it? I mean, if everyone saw, as the poets and the thinkers and perhaps some of us who have been right to the edge of the world can see, *over* the edge. . . . Would just destroy the amenities and conventions and ceremonies and pleasures of life all in one fell swoop as even the Bolshies can't destroy them, what?

卐 卐

The amenities and pleasures . . . . 'Spite of prophecies of "ruin" and Sinn Fein threats, and gloomy Deans and Premiers, and Gentlemen with Dusters who talk about our "spirit of reckless and impatient materialism" and how "our womanhood is becoming corrupt," etc., etc.—well, they seem to go on somehow, yea, to flourish exceedingly. Still fresh dine and dance places, like the new Queen's in Langham Place, where you can eat, drink and foxtrot under the most seductive pink lights, continue to be opened. Still the old-established dance resorts like Ciro's and the Grafton continue to be filled nightly with persons apparently quite unaffected by the proper spirit of gloom.

"Quite unaffected by the proper spirit of gloom"

卐 卐

Still, unconscious (or anyway careless) of our coming doom we little victims play at even quite big shows like this week's Garden Party Ball at Covent Garden, and even design ideal 4 a.m. breakfasts to crown such (as our pastors and masters would say) "senseless revels." "My mind," says one pure p. and m., "cannot discriminate between a young man hugging a girl on a sofa and hugging her on the dancing floor." And adds that if anything the hugging on the sofa isn't *quite* so bad, 'cos "dancing is hugging set to music, and music always has an exciting effect."

卐 卐

Aren't they quite too lovely, these exponents of the higher morality from Firm Street or New York or what not? Has it ever struck 'em, I wonder, where *they'd* be themselves if hugging had been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* and washed right out of the scheme of things at any stage of the history of the world they're so keen on "leaving better than they found it"?

卐 卐

Am asked, by the way, to tell you about a new enterprise that has just recently started—and a very nice one too. It's a collection of antique furniture and works of art which has just been opened at the Byron Galleries in Savile Row (where the tailors come from) by ex-service men. The things, which have been collected privately from all parts, are being sold at prices which, I am told, can challenge comparison with even the quietest and mustiest little antique shop in any of the back streets that you may happen to know.

卐 卐

And the galleries themselves are worth visiting, because they are in Byron's old house. One of the rooms was the poet's study, and the main gallery is believed to have been the old ball room. There is a collection of Byron relics, too, and some of the old ceilings and other parts of the house are quite wonderful. Anyway, the cause in itself would be worth supporting, wouldn't it, without any other attraction?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. IX.—TAKING IN AMMUNITION

Photograph] WHAT'S HE LOOKING FOR? *[Photo Press*

Something seems to be amusing George Robey and the rest of the stage team, who met the Press in a football match last week. The result was a win for the latter, the proceeds of the match being given to Earl Haig's Fund for Unemployed Ex-Officers. The tip of Davy Burnaby's hat and face is just discernible on the right, laughing as well—but at what?

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NOT FOOLS

Stewart Hodgson in THE DAILY NEWS

Except Lord Fisher and perhaps Colonel Lawrence, the most original figure thrown up by the Great War was Mr. Dennis Bradley. . . . . To the historian of public opinion he is one of the very few English writers, during the war, who are worth, in my judgment, any serious attention.

PALL MALL GAZETTE

The indignation is none the less effective because it is often clothed in humour and expressed in raillery or bitter aphorism.

THE DAILY MIRROR

Mr. Bradley has humour and originality.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Re-reading his tirades, lampoons, aphorisms, apophthegms, and sex-tongued acerbities, one sees to-day that the author was a sincere soul finding God through his pen. . . Two years hence men will re-read his outpourings and wonder that no man listened.

THE DAILY EXPRESS

Mr. Bradley makes epigrams with devastating effect.

THE DAILY HERALD

Mr. Dennis Bradley is like caviare and olives.

THE ATHENÆUM

Mr. Bradley knows all about women. . . . The aphorisms still seem as acute and diabolically wise as ever, and the author deserves credit for having been one of the first to point out the menace of a temporary bureaucracy.

TOWN TOPICS

The book is worthy of a place on the shelf of war literature that counts.

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By

H. Dennis Bradley

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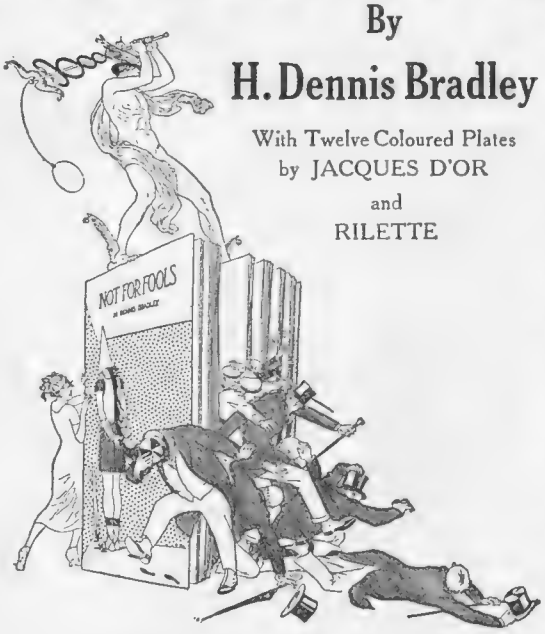

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Richard King in THE TATLER

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

When Mr. Dennis Bradley leaves fooling and writes seriously he not only expresses sense but expresses it with great force and considerable literary skill.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Mr. Dennis Bradley managed to elude the censor for months. . . . It is an admirable piece of vigorous writing.

ABERDEEN DAILY JOURNAL

Part 2 skirts occasionally on subjects of sex, but delights mainly in scrutinising the hypocritical morality of the individual or the mass. Mr. Lloyd George has a keen sense of humour, and he will accordingly relish the sting of "Ideals and Low Deals."

IRISH TIMES

Mr. Bradley has no false modesty.

COMMON SENSE

An author, however witty, subtle and free from cant, who labels his aphorisms "Not For Fools," is running grave risks. Yet beneath his brightness, his "modern"-ness, and his desire to shock, Mr. Bradley conceals a good deal of seriousness.

THE OUTLOOK

Mr. Bradley has a Puckish wit of his own.

THE CATHOLIC HERALD

He is one of the two or three persons who have emerged from the war and its aftermath with a character for virility, originality, keen perception and fine courage in dealing with social, political and economic issues . . . a brilliant book.

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Photograph *Sport and General*

THE 'VARSITY RUGBY MATCH—AN OXFORD ATTACK FRUSTRATED

This picture illustrates one of many attacks delivered by Oxford on their left, two of which were successful, thanks mainly to H. B. Simpson, their left-wing three-quarter. Here, however, he is being tackled just when his run is beginning to threaten danger to the Cambridge line

Sports & Pastimes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Oxford's Fine Win

THE 'Varsity "Rugger" match is always a joyous occasion. Last Tuesday's encounter was a more than ordinarily joyous one because of its exciting fluctuations of fortune and because the issue was in doubt up to the very last minute. Oxford's achievement in regaining the lead in the second half after Cambridge had drawn level, and in holding their own during those last fifteen minutes when Cambridge were playing at the top of their form, was a very fine one indeed. It is true that there was no one on either side who could compare with some of the great ones of past seasons, nor did we see anything phenomenal in the way of speed, but if the play never rose to really great heights it was remarkable for its sustained excellence and for the fact that, although plenty of risks were taken, very few bad mistakes were made. We saw, in fact, a lot of good, honest, and at times quite skilful, football, in which every man knew his job and did his level best.

Waldock's Understudy

THE result was, of course, a surprise. When it was known that F. A. Waldock would be unable to fill his appointed place at stand-off half-back for Oxford it was felt that with him the best, if not the only, chance of a win for Oxford had gone. Doubts, too, were expressed as to the wisdom of playing V. H. Neser in Waldock's place, for Neser, though he has played behind the scrummage on occasions, is (or was) first and foremost a forward. Would it not have been better, it was asked, to play a "recognised" stand-off half-back? But Duncan, the Oxford captain, evidently knew his man better than his critics did. Neser played on Tuesday as if he had been playing half-back all his life, and had a bigger share in the victory of his side than anyone else.

The Best Try

HE took Campbell's passes admirably, and so cleverly did he vary the method of his attack that it was difficult when he got the ball to divine what he would be up to next. In fact, he served his three-quarters so well that, with him, they constituted a formidable attacking force. The best try, to my way of thinking,

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE NOBLE ART AT ETON

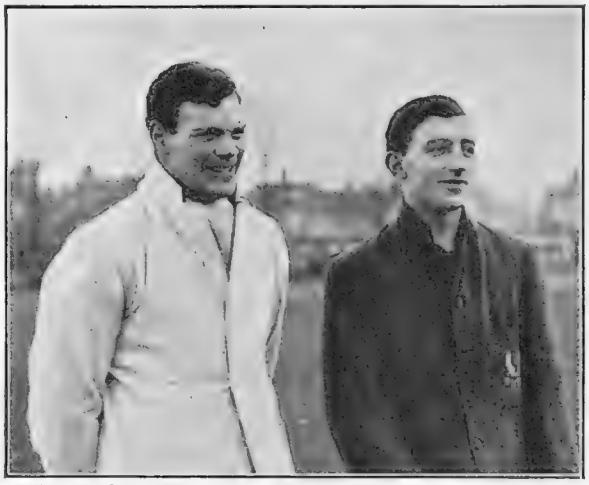
Prince Nicholas of Rumania boxing with an instructor before a critical audience of his fellow Etonians

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

was that with which Oxford regained the lead in the second half. Neser, after running with the ball towards the right, so that everyone expected that he was going to pass in that direction, suddenly sent it out to Simpson on the left, and Simpson ran nearly to the line before flinging the ball back again to Neser, who scored—a beautiful example of the return pass.

Admirable Back Play

SIMPSON was one of the successes of the side, and Jacot was another. It was by strong and straight running that Jacot was able to complete three of the Oxford attacks with tries gained by himself. Of the two centres Price showed up more prominently, but Van der Riet put in a lot of useful work, and both of them gave and took their passes very cleanly. Of Forsayth we, of course, had great expectations, and were not disappointed. His long touch-finding kicks were of immense help. It was a blunder on his part that led up to Cambridge's first try; but for the rest of the game he was hardly ever at fault. The forwards played well to a man, and were better than Cambridge for the greater part of the time in getting the ball in the tight scrummages and heeling it.



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

G. M. BUTLER AND B. G. D. RUDD

Presidents respectively of the Cambridge and Oxford University Athletic Clubs, photographed together on the occasion of the newly instituted relay races between the two 'Varsities, when Cambridge won by four events to one. Rudd is also a fine Rugby footballer, and has been invited to play in a Scottish International trial

Where Cambridge Failed

THE Cambridge forwards were quick and clever in the loose and the line-out, but man for man they did not work quite so hard in the scrummage as their rivals, although they were a good bit better in the second half than in the first. Young and Maclay at half were not as resourceful as Campbell and Neser and the three-quarters behind them were not as formidable as one expected them to be. Stanley Cook did some clever individual work, and his second try was a masterpiece, but he and Craigmile were not by any means sure of their passes, and the two wings, Hamilton-Wickes and Douglas Cook, suffered in consequence. It was not, in fact, until the last fifteen minutes that the Cambridge game went with a real swing, and it was their stout defence, in the last five, when Cambridge delivered two strong attacks, that enabled Oxford

(Continued on page 838)

In the Cinema.

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PASTILLES

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

to win by three points. But if Conway had not inadvertently touched the ball when he was about to take a penalty kick the score might have been a tie.

CRICKET

The First Test

For the first test match between England and Australia, which is to start at Sydney on Friday, the team to represent Australia is, by common consent, about the strongest that could possibly be chosen, and the selectors are, consequently, feeling that the five solid hours which they devoted to the job have not been spent in vain. For the same reason we must realise that our men are up against an exceedingly tough proposition. To my mind there is nothing more dull than a test match with no time limit, and, therefore, I am glad that the fifth match alone—if a fifth match is necessary in order to decide the rubber—will be fought to a finish. The others will be three-day matches.

GOLF

Lord Riddell's Challenge

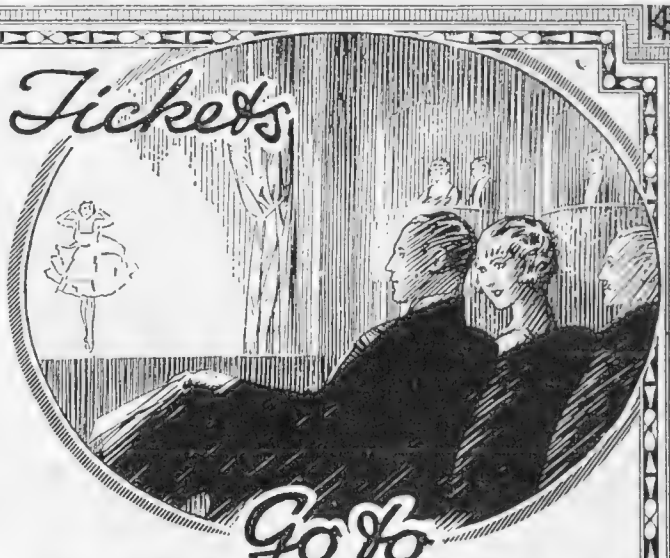
I wonder whether golfers as a whole are really very much exercised in mind over the question whether golf clubs are too luxuriously administered in these days, and whether they consider that Lord Riddell's challenge and the somewhat elaborate arrangements which have been made in connection therewith are altogether worth while. The decision of the so-called jury of three will naturally be binding upon the question whether or no Lord Riddell is to forfeit £50, but will anyone take it to be conclusive proof as to whether golf clubs are too luxuriously administered or not as the case may be? I doubt it. The whole thing seems to be just a shade futile, but the investigation is likely to prove amusing, especially if any of the names of the twenty-one clubs to be visited by the jury (which, are, of course, to be kept inviolably secret) happen to leak out. H.S.S.

Photographs *Sport and General*

A. H. G. BUTCHER (Oxford) **G. ASHTON (Cambridge)**

The rival captains in the 'Varsity Association Football Match at Queen's Club on Saturday last. There were three Ashtons (brothers) in the Cambridge team—something of a record

For Theatre Tickets



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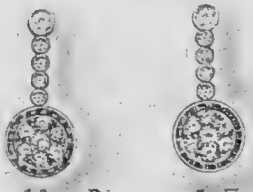

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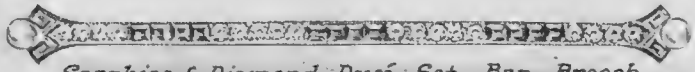

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A.J.O.

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

FRANK WOOTTON By "The Tout"

The reappearance in the saddle of Frank Wootton, as a steeplechase jockey, has given additional interest to the jumping business, now in full swing. On the flat his name ranks amongst the great ones, but increasing weight compelled an early retirement. Now he is back amongst us in the rough-and-tumble game, and well deserved the splendid ovation he received at the recent Birmingham meeting

No Slump

THE note of optimism I expressed last week in regard to the then impending sales at Newmarket was pleasantly justified. Considering the deplorable state of stocks and shares the prices were very satisfactory, and it would seem that gilt-edged bloodstock is just as safe an investment as anything on 'Change. Up to the end of the third day's sale 441 lots had been disposed of for an average of nearly 500 guineas. There is nothing much to complain of in that. What impressed me was the sporting bidding of a few well-known Continental owners and breeders. Notwithstanding the ghastly rates of exchange with which they have to contend, they carried off some of the best lots of the sale. And good luck to them.

Archaic's Buyer

TALKING of this exchange business. I am surprised that the Yankees do not make more use of this rare opportunity of skinning our bloodstock market at a time when they can buy a pound's worth for little more than thirteen shillings. Once we get our finances right they won't have such another chance. Mr. John Sanford is one of the few American breeders who appear to appreciate this opportunity. He got a bargain when he bought Archaic for 15,500 guineas. It seems a lot of money, but the exchange brings down the cost to Mr. Sanford considerably. There are many who think that Archaic with a bit of luck would have proved himself the best three-year-old in training. Anyway, he was an honourable second in the Derby, and I hope his new owner will give him the opportunity of running against the much-boosted Man o' War. It is said, however, that Archaic is to go at once to the stud, where he should make a big name.

Winter Odds

I SUPPOSE we shall soon have offers in the sporting clubs to bet on the Derby, but the odds which the bookmakers quote in the winter on the chief race of the season are usually so ridiculously small nowadays that comparatively few punters are attracted by them. I wonder the bookmakers do not launch out more enterprisingly in this direction, for the big interval of time until the date of the race almost invariably produces a good deal of "dead meat" for the books. Last year those who freely laid against Prince Galahad's chance in the Derby met with a remunerative reward. They scooped in, too, all the Tetratema money. I do not suppose that Spion Kop was laid in the winter for a single shilling.

Derby Prospects

THIS time the bookmakers can surely afford to offer good prices, for the outlook for the Derby is exceedingly open. I imagine we shall find Leighton and Monarch each quoted at 4 or 5 to 1, in which case my advice to backers is to say, "nothing doing." Leighton is undefeated, but what has he beaten? Nothing that would give the impression that the colt in question is a Derby horse. And as for Monarch, I freely confess that he is a very genuine performer, but he allowed Alan Breck to beat him decisively in the summer, and it is quite possible that Sir James Buchanan's colt will repeat the dose when they meet at Epsom.

Alan Breck's Future

I TAKE little notice of Alan Breck's moderate display at Doncaster, for I am convinced that he was very much off colour that day. There was illness in the Clarehaven stable, and I am sure Sir J. Buchanan's colt was affected by it, though to all appearances there was nothing wrong with him. If you can get 100 to 8 or even 10 to 1 about Alan Breck for the Derby it would be a fair bet. I shall be surprised if he does not prove worth following.

This Week's Racing

THERE will be plenty of National Hunt sport of a mildly interesting type this week. The

(Continued on page 842)

Pytchley Personalities

BY "THE TOUT"

"The Tout" presents in delightful caricature some of the best known figures with the famous Pytchley Hounds, of which the Prince of Wales is one of the most ardent followers

RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

Croydon Hurdle Race at Gatwick on Friday should be a lively affair. Mr. Percy Heybourn's two smart performers, Trespasser and Sippet Charlie, are naturally being severely treated by the handicappers just now, and they are at the head of this handicap. Their owner has "accepted" with both, and the chosen one will run well. I think, however, the winner will be **Ardavon,** one of Mr. Percy Whitaker's good string. On the following day the Moderate Hurdle Handicap promises to produce a big field, but I have no fancy. **Voxol** may win the Garswood Hurdle Race at Haydock Park.

Hunting Notes

Hounds in Form

A GALE of wind, a touch of frost, a few hours of fog—hunting has encountered all these samples of weather so far this month, but, happily, the nasty fits have not lasted for long, and, in the main, December sport has been good. There are already a number of tip-top hunting runs to look back upon. In High Leicestershire the Fernie people are delighted that hounds should have been in such good form when the Prince of Wales had his first day with them. They ran for forty-five minutes without a check with a stout old dog fox into the Quorn country, and the Prince had all the galloping he wanted over the big Leicestershire enclosures and the formidable bullfinches. With the Grafton, too, he fell in for an extremely good day's sport. Hounds could not have given a better show if it had all been specially arranged. It was a pity the Prince lost his place in the first Grafton run through his mount falling lame, but his second horse carried him well in the gallop with the afternoon fox.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT SHARDELOES, NEAR AMERSHAM

Major G. Loder, the owner of Spion Kop, this year's Derby winner, with the Windsor Draghounds

Plenty of Sport

HOUNDS have been running well in what are called the provincial countries as well as in the Shires. Both the Vale of White Horse packs have been showing tip-top sport, and those who have been hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds have come in for their full share of the fun. Lord Worcester is now running a separate pack on the outskirts of the Shires, and shows that he is a veritable chip of the old block. He is one of those keen youngsters who are sure to maintain the best traditions of fox-hunting when their turn comes.

Photograph] **WITH THE MEATH HUNT** *[Poole, Waterford*

An excellent snapshot taken at a recent meet of this famous Irish pack, showing Commander Gaisford St. Lawrence with his two daughters, who are keen horsewomen. In the centre is Miss Cecily St. Lawrence with her sister Dorothy on her left

L'Affaire Whaddon

HAPPILY we have heard less of the Whaddon Chase business lately, but let it not be supposed that animosities have been buried. On the contrary, there is still a good deal of land over which Lord Orkney's pack may not hunt. The farmers who issued the warning-off notices declare that Colonel Selby-Lowndes has been unfairly treated. They say that the memorable meeting last spring was an attempt to bluff them into accepting something to which they strongly objected. An endeavour is to be made shortly to settle all these differences. The sooner the better for the sake of the fair name of fox hunting. A. W. C.

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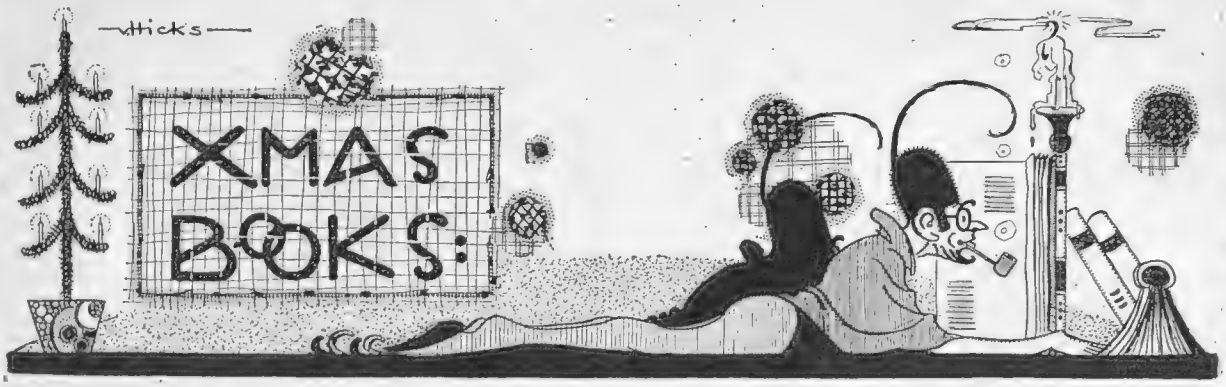

THE younger generation seem at last to be coming into its own, as far as this year's Christmas gift books are concerned, for the selection of beautifully illustrated volumes for young people is this season more like that of those far-off pre-War days. Most publishers, too, have produced new and interesting ideas.

As so often happens, while most of the books are intended for children, quite a number of them, owing to the quality of the production and the beauty of the illustration work, will find their way on to the bookshelves of the youngster of forty-five.

Among these latter one might mention *The Sleeping Beauty* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by C. S. Evans, and illustrated in Arthur Rackham's best style. The same house have produced two other charmingly illustrated volumes, *Gulliver's Travels* (12*s.* 6*d.* net), with black and white and colour pages by Jean de Bonschère, and *Awakening*, by John Galsworthy (7*s.* 6*d.*), with drawings by R. H. Santer.

Messrs. Constable and Co. publish a really fine edition in *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* at a guinea net, illustrated with black and white and colour plates by Ronald Balfour.

The Ark Book (7*s.* 6*d.*), by Freda Derrick, a dainty picture book in colour, with the story running throughout as a continuous caption, and *Sun Babies* (7*s.* 6*d.*), by Cornelia Sorabji, with colour studies by G. Hadenfeldt, are two charming specimens of books for children published by Blackie and Sons.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM," BY RONALD BALFOUR

Lost Legends of the Nursery Songs (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.: 5*s.* net) strikes a novel note. The forgotten stories behind the well-worn Nursery Songs of to-day are told by Mary Senior Clark and illustrated in colour by Alice B. Woodward.

Talking of novelties, Messrs. Gale and Polden have issued a charming little series of seven gift books for children of modern fairy tales, written round the old theme of "Monday's Child is fair of face, etc., etc." Each little volume is complete in itself, although the seven books make a complete set. They are written with great delicacy and charm, and each contains a frontispiece in colour.

Margaret and the Currant Bunny

A PAGE FROM "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

(W. and P. Chambers: 6*s.* net) is a charmingly original wonder story by Edith L. Elias, the author of *Periwinkle Island*, and is well illustrated in black and white by Molly Benatar.

Messrs. Nisbet and Co. are the publishers of *The Binky Books*, priced at 2*s.* net. They are illustrated in colour and black and white by well-known artists, among whom is Mr. Will Owen.

An excellent gift book for grown-ups is a volume of war sketches by Fred R. Farrell under the title of *The 51st (Highland) Division*. It is published by T. C. and E. C. Jack, Ltd., at 15*s.* net, and contains an introduction by Neil Munro.

Reynard the Fox (Evans Brothers, Ltd., 10*s.* 6*d.*) is yet another excellent little gift book. The story

CHRISTMAS BOOKS (*concluded*)

is by C. S. Evans, and the very numerous illustrations in colour and black and white are by L. R. Brightwell, whose clever animal sketches have already won this well-known artist fame.

A really excellent selection of annuals, art picture books, and new books for girls and boys may be found at Messrs. W. Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd. Good writers, first-rate artists, and excellent printing have combined to make it easy for the reviewer to say nice things about their publications. *The Sultan's Emerald* (7*s.* 6*d.*), by Herbert Hayens and illustrated in colour by T. H. Robinson, *The Runaway* (6*s.*), by Harold Avery, with drawings in colour by Gordon Browne, R.I., are two among many of the volumes that will appeal to youthful readers, while the younger children will, indeed, be very difficult to please if they are not delighted with *The Cosy Comfy Book* (10*s.* 6*d.*), beautifully illustrated in colour by Anne Anderson, *Our Boys in Blue* (7*s.* 6*d.*) and *All Over the World A.B.C. Book* (5*s.*).

Among this year's numerous Annuals are *Father Tuck's Annual* (6*s.* net) and a companion volume for the younger members of the family, *Little People's Annual* (5*s.* net). Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are well to the front, as usual, with their Christmas greeting cards.

Merry Moments Annual (5*s.* net) is another excellent little book published by George Newnes, Ltd., and will give pleasure to the youngsters this Christmastime.

"REYNARD THE FOX," ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Messrs. Dean's Rag Books, Rag Dolls, and Rag Toys are now much too well known to need much reviewing, but this season they seem to have surpassed their usual excellence, the younger kiddies taste having been particularly catered for by the production of new True-to-Life *Rag Animals*. Cecil Aldin, Miss Hilda Cowham, and other well-known artists have given of their best in the designs contained in the *Rag Books*.

Tales of Happy Common (5*s.* 6*d.* net) by Agnes Grozier Herbertson. Illustrated by Lilian A. Govey is also published by this house, and is delightfully original and should appeal strongly to the youngster's imagination.

Beautiful Calendars

One of the best collection of calendars I have seen for a long while is that produced by Messrs. Faulkner and Co. Not only are they artistically perfect, but the selection is full of novelties. Most of the calendars contain greetings and are certain to be largely used in place of the usual Christmas and New Year cards.

Wire Netting

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NO—happy thought—pack it off to Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow, mentioning Dept. BW., and have even *hopeless* looking mud-stains removed by the inimitable Franco-Barbe process of Dry Cleaning. For of course mud *is* mud in these motor days! But it makes no difference to Franco-Barbe. The Castlebank charge for cleaning a suit or ordinary costume is only 9/6, including tailor pressing. Any other repairs attended to if asked—at moderate prices. Minor repairs free.

Alex. Kennedy & Sons, Ltd.

Ask for Fleur de Lys No. 7, an interesting magazine Price List, mentioning same department.

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This delicately perfumed face powder, adherent and unobtrusive, will keep the complexion exquisitely cool and fresh during the Season's festivities.

10d. & **1/6** Per Box.
Powder Leaf Books, **7½d.** each.

For a perfectly harmonious toilet use also

Phūl-Nānā Toilet Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet;
Toilet Cream, 1/3; Dental Cream, 1/4;
Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3; Hair Lotion, 10/-;
Toilet Water, 8/6; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each.
Brilliantine (liquid), 2/6. Solid, 1/4.
Talcum Powder, 1/4; Sachets, 9d.; Cachous, 6½d.

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SHAPE 24

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Winter Sports in Sweden

Photograph] DANCING ON THE ICE [*Sport and General*

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MOTOR·NOTES

DURING this year the public have supported the various aeroplane services to and from the Continent, not, perhaps, quite as much as all interested in the progress of aerial travel would have liked, yet sufficiently to prove the safety, the convenience, and the comfort of the present day heavier-than-air craft. Now in the coming year I hope this same public will give even more patronage to our commercial 'planes and begin to use civilian airships as well as goods and passenger carriers. For the Civil Aviation Department of the Air Ministry has now four airships, R. 36, R. 37, L. 64, and L. 71, so that the lighter-than-air vessels can equally prove to the business and pleasure-travelling world their special features of usefulness.

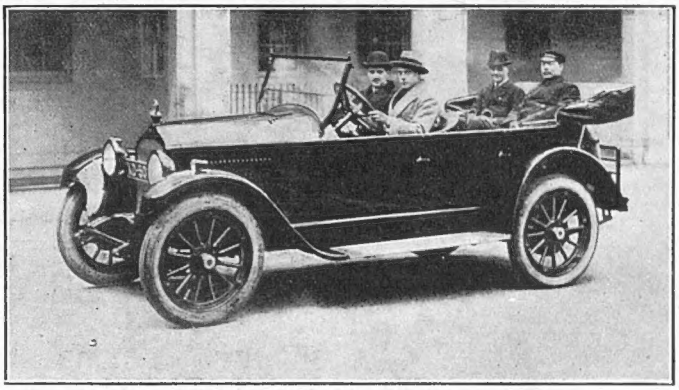
* *
*

AT last we are really moving towards establishing an aerial "train" service of general utility, as the "gas-bags," as they are affectionately called by the boys that handle them, will be in a position to prove their worth to those doubting Thomases. Not that my dear friend Sykes is going to open a bureau of travel or an aerial Carter-Paterson business, but he is going to demonstrate by the performances of these four airships, handed over to his department from the Fighting Air Force, that it is possible to run a gas-bag service at a commercial profit, provide the data for the transport world to found their base of such a service upon, and generally discover which particular types of airships are the best, and what alterations, if any, they require. Good luck to this enterprise, say I, and I should love to be one of the passengers to Egypt where, I believe, R. 36 is off to as a sort of week-end run.

* *
*

ALL the world is working shorter hours nowadays, mainly, I really believe, because everything is supposed to move faster. We know that instead of about seven hours to Paris or Brussels we can get there in a couple of hours by aeroplane, and if one could travel to Egypt or India by airship a similarly shortened journey would be the result. And, I beg to remark, just as safe as by land or sea. Now what with one thing or other, nobody can save anything nowadays but time. If you think it over you will see I am right. You can't save money because there is some department or Act of Parliament which will pinch it from you if you do manage to have a credit balance or surplus to invest. You can't save yourself from getting old or your women-folk from buying

(*Continued on page 852*)



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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

new clothes and hats every time the weather changes—and that's usually every other day. Neither 'baccy nor drinks get any cheaper, so, in order to prove to the world at large that we are a thrifty race, all we can do nowadays is to save time. Some people do this by not getting up so early, then jump into a motor-car and dash down to the City, country or seaside—according to which day of the week it is—and just hustle that car along to save time. Now the airship service will save a lot of time and bring places much closer together. In fact, I really believe Londoners will learn what a freshly-made Egyptian cigarette smokes like, and how a naturally ripened orange tastes like the nectar of the gods, which is impossible under our present slow-moving boat and train system. No, siree, this air-service business is going to save us heaps of time, so you will have more to spend, just think of that!

* * *

Sir Robert Horne has begun some jolly good work in trying to save British dyes from being outed by our late enemies. I hope he is not going to stop at that industry, and will introduce a similar Bill into the House of Commons and save the British magneto from being put out of business by German competition. At the present moment every aeroplane engine maker and every motor-car manufacturer is being offered German magnetos at 25 per cent. less cost than our British ones and sometimes even cheaper than this reduction in price. Now, our British mags. are just as good, if not better than anybody else's, while they keep in work many thousands of British men and women. One would have thought that, knowing we were in the hands of the Germans for this commodity before the War, which nearly euchred us then, the Government would have run no risk to let such a state of things ever happen again. They are doing their best to make us grow enough corn to feed ourselves, and hats off to them for that, so I hope they will see that the key industry of our fighting air services will get equal help to be preserved. But everybody must assist them by refusing to use anything but British magnetos.

THE "MINX" MASCOT

Made by Messrs. Thomas, Gray and Co., of 199, Strand, it forms but one of an admirable selection of motor mascots, designed by a leading sculptor

* * *

As for car ignition systems discarding the magneto, this will never happen because our export markets, especially in hot countries, have found that the coil ignition and batteries give much more trouble there. Why, I am not quite sure, but a motoring friend of mine at Singapore wrote to me lately and confirmed this. He gives the reason that the excessive heat and humid atmosphere shortens the life of the battery very considerably, and adds that the radiators have to be largely increased in cooling surface in Malaya to prevent engine trouble. But he gives the welcome assurance that British cars will put all others out of the market in that part of the Empire IF they are fitted with bigger wheels to give high clearance and gears accordingly, seven-seater bodies, magneto ignition, and larger radiators and price doesn't matter. Perhaps the publicity merchants of British motor-car manufacturers might note this to inform their managing directors. Anyway, it's the Christmas gift to the Trade from

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